No. 683.) For Week Ending February 1st, 1902. (One Penny.

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SHORT STORIES

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SHORT STORIES

No. 683.] For the Week Ending February 1st, 1902. [One Penny.

Apat, the Faithful.

A True and Exciting Story of the Malay States.

My husband, whom I will call Mr. Rose, had the misfortune to be employed in a certain anomalous branch of the British Government service called the Malay Native States Service.

We did not think it a misfortune when he first obtained an entry into the service—on the contrary, we were very much pleased; but that was only from ignorance of what awaited us.

The first station to which we were sent was bad enough; the second, of which I am going to speak, was worse. It was at Durian Sabatang, a wretched Chinese village, built on a flat mud swamp, about forty miles up the Perak river.

Our first sight of Durian Sabatang filled us with dismay. The Residency, or Government Bungalow, in which we were expected to live, was an ancient shed made of palm leaves, propped up on about fifty tottering legs made of the stems of palms. The shed was in so dilapidated a condition that no respectable English farmer would have put a respectable English cow into it. There was a ladder at the back and another at the front, by which the shed could be entered.

The so-called "garden" attached to this charming abode consisted of a flat strip of flower-border on each side of a straight, flat strip of road, about fifty yards in length, which led up to the house. These borders were planted with what were meant to be flowering shrubs, which, not being protected by any fence, were nibbled to mere stumps by stray goats. There was, however, a bit of swampy turf at the back of the residential shed, on which we eventually managed to play lawn-tennis under difficulties.

On entering the shed we were at once struck by the numerous gaps in the thatch. A storm of rain generally occurs once in twenty-four hours in the Straits Settlements, consequently it was not long before we had an opportunity of experiencing all the discomforts attendant on a leaky roof. There appeared to be about twelve permanent leaks; but, besides these, every now and then the wind would lift up a large piece of thatch bodily, while the rain poured as if from buckets through the temporary openings thus made. There were no ceilings to the rooms, the bedrooms were only formed by palm-leaf fences about eight feet high, something like the wattles used in Kent for inclosing sheep. The skeleton framework of poles, on which the thatch rested, was not veiled or disguised in any way.

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High up on these poles where they converged, among cobwebs so black and solid from age that they looked like pieces of cloth waving in the wind, sat rats of all sizes, eating, playing, and enjoying themselves thoroughly. I think they were the only creatures that did enjoy themselves thoroughly at Durian Sabatang. The cat gazed fiercely at them with glittering eyes from below; but not being gifted, like a sloth, with the power of hanging by her claws from the under side of a pole, she could not reach them. At first we used to amuse ourselves by throwing all sorts of missiles at the rats; but we never hit them, and only further damaged the frail roof, so we had to give that up.

The use of the shed's fifty legs soon became apparent. The first morning after our arrival, on looking out of the window-hole (windows there are none, of course, in so hot a climate), I saw the whole country was under water, and one of my poor hens, which I had brought with me from a former station, was floating past the house on the flood with all her new-born chickens. This flood was the result of a high tide from the sea, from which Durian Sabatang is not very distant as the crow flies. We had many such floods during my stay in this delectable swamp. The Kling gardener delighted in them, as they gave him an unfailing excuse for doing nothing. When asked why there were neither flowers nor vegetables in the garden, he always laid the blame on the floods.

It was, however, vexatious not to be able to grow vegetables at home, as none fit to eat were to be had in the squalid Chinese shops. As for fresh beef or mutton that was, of course, quite hopeless. Such a thing as a cow or a sheep had never been seen in Durian Sabatang. We lived, therefore, almost entirely on tinned meats, which were always much damaged by the climate before they reached us. We got so sick of them at last that often we let them go away from the table untouched, and preferred to starve. These tins had, most probably, been for many months in the Singapore shops, and a month in the tropics is more damaging than a year at home. A Singapore shopkeeper, unless he is greatly belied, looks on an order from a "junglewallah" as a Heaven-sent opportunity of getting rid of his unsaleable goods. He knows that the freight to the jungle is so heavy that the wretched victim will think twice before sending anything back.

Whenc'er we took our walk abroad—for there was

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only one road in Durian Sabatang, and that only half-a-mile in length—we saw many hideous, nine-tenths-naked Chinese coolies, almost all with repulsive skin-diseases, and all without exception owning the most villainous countenances; they scowled at us with dulled looks, being opium-eaters to a man.

A large proportion of the Chinese population was generally in prison for some crime or other, and gangs of them might be seen walking about with chains on their legs, each gang under the charge of a small Malay policeman with a loaded gun. These convicts were generally considered by the British and Malays to be the flower of the Chinese community, the argument being that all Chinese are scoundrels deserving of prison, and that those who elude prison are merely more practised scoundrels than the rest.

Thus the convicts were much run after as washermen, and on one occasion, the superintendent of the police, being obliged to leave suddenly, put his house and all its contents under the charge of his pet convict, as being one of the few comparatively honest men in the place. The consequence was that this convict might be seen any day in the superintendent's verandah, lounging comfortably in a long chair, with his legs, iron chains and all, stuck up on the table, and a cigarette in his mouth. I believe, however, that the superintendent had no reason to regret his choice of a caretaker.

For society we had a fluctuating company of three at the most, all British. There was, I need scarcely say, no doctor among them. If any of the three fell ill and wished for medical advice, he had to send a boat up the river to ask leave of the Resident to go to Penang. The boat took about five days to go up the river, as it was against the stream, and about three to come back; so, even in case of the Resident's happening to be at home, and replying at once, there must still be eight days' delay at the very least before the invalid could get permission to go to Penang, and after that, possibly a whole fortnight might intervene before the steamer could arrive to take him. The diseases most common to Britishers in the tropics are fever, cholera, and sunstroke, any one of which may carry off a strong man in a few hours; but in this Government service it was looked upon as a crime for any officer, even though feeling himself at the point of death, to leave his post without the proper official eight days of delay. The theory in high official circles was that "an officer worth anything would always rather die at his post than leave it without permission."

As there was no doctor within reach, so also was there no Christian church in Durian Sabatang. The nearest church was at Penang, which was practically as far off as if it had been at Timbuctoo.

A trading steamer used to come once a fortnight, except when she broke down or went into dock. One or other of these misfortunes happened pretty frequently, and oh, the straining of the eyes down the river on the days when the steamer was expected, and the heartsick disappointment when she did not come; or, on the other hand, the wild tumult of delight when her whistle, faint and far off, but still unmistakable, was heard! It was not surprising that we felt so much excitement about her coming, as the whole of our comfort for a month depended on that single uncertain thread; she had a horrid way of going into dock without giving us poor dwellers in jungles the slightest warning, and when that was the case, we were literally half-starved until she came out again.

It is quite impossible in the tropics to keep a large stock of eatables and drinkables, as everything goes bad with the most frightful rapidity. The resources of Durian Sabatang itself, in the way of food, consisted of skinny fowls that had gained their livelihood by acting as scavengers in the streets; of river-fish, with a strong muddy flavour; and occasionally, as a great treat, of a piece of fresh pork, "butchered to make a Chinese holiday."

Besides stores, the steamer brought us letters and newspapers, and was our only means of communication with the outside world. The rest of the fortnight, when we had devoured our newspapers, was weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, our lives being a burden to us through heat, *ennui*, and mosquitoes, of which last, of course, there were millions.

After we had vegetated in this miserable place for some months, we were electrified one night by hearing the whistle of a steamer. Who *could* it be? Mr. Rose looked out, saw the fiery eye of a small steam-launch gleaming in the blackness of the river, and went to meet the new arrival. It proved to be a young Englishman, slightly known to us, who had a thrilling tale to tell. The Chinese coolies at Lumut, to the number of many hundreds, were in open mutiny, he said, against the British, and he himself had fled for his life by night. Lumut, it should be mentioned, was a sugar estate at some distance, the owner of which had lately become bankrupt. Mr. Rose felt at first inclined to pooh-pooh the danger, though he thought it quite probable the coolies were justly irritated at not having their wages paid.

He, however, started with the young Englishman next morning for Lumut, taking with him a few Sikh police under a legalised ruffian of the name of Subadar Deen Mahomed, much valued by the Government officials on account of his strength of "character," *i.e.*, his utter unscrupulousness as to the means which he employed for the attainment of their desires.

When Mr. Rose arrived at Lumut he found there was a good deal of truth in the young Englishman's report. The Chinese, though they could hardly as yet be called in open mutiny, were evidently ripe for it; in fact, in the very first words which Mr. Rose exchanged with their headman, the latter openly threatened his—the magistrate's—life, and that of all the Britishers in the State.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the audacious Chinaman measured his length on the floor, Deen Mahomed having, with the speed of lightning, twisted his hand into the man's pigtail and laid him low without waiting for orders. Mr. Rose could hardly forbear a smile at the neat way in which it was done; but, after allowing the man to lie there for a minute or two as a lesson, he desired Deen Mahomed to let him get up, and then addressed the coolies through him as interpreter.

He told them he could not allow them to remain at Lumut, as, the estate being bankrupt, there was no longer work for them there; but that he would give all a free passage, with food, to Penang, and would report their case to the authorities in Penang, who, he had no doubt, would soon find them suitable employment and wages.

The men appeared satisfied with this programme, translated for them into Chinese by the headman, whose pigtail was still in the grasp of Deen Mahomed, and whose manners wonderfully softened and improved. Mr. Rose saw the coolies all off by the next steamer, paying another visit to Lumut for the purpose.

On his way back from Lumut, Mr. Rose called, in his magisterial capacity, on the superintendent of the neighbouring island of Pangkor. Happening to mention that I was very unwell—a not surprising result of the discomforts of Durian Sabatang—the superintendent and his wife kindly suggested that a visit of two or three days to them at the seaside might benefit me. I had never seen either of them, but that was of no consequence in a country where English are so rare that all are to a certain extent brothers. So, on receiving a note from Mrs. Lee, I accepted the invitation without scruple, and a few days more saw me on board a steam launch on my way to Pangkor. Mr. Rose was, of course, unable to accompany me, as he was tied to his office work in Durian Sabatang.

When I arrived at the Lee's, the first thing they told me was that all their men servants had absconded the day before, immediately after receiving their wages. I was not much surprised at this, as I had often heard of such things happening to other people. We ourselves had never had any experience of this kind, but we attributed this to our having brought two trustworthy servants with us from Sarawak, where the servants are, as a rule, far better than those to be had in the Malay peninsula. In fact, the latter are always said to be the refuse of China, and those who take situations in isolated jungles are the refuse of that refuse—men who have made the towns too hot to hold them, and are glad to be in hiding for a time. I felt very sorry for my hostess, who did not look strong, and had three small children, the youngest only six months old. She had been obliged to get in some Kling servants from the village at a moment's notice—one to act as house-boy, the other as under-nurse—but they appeared to be ignorant savages. There was also a Chinese ayah.

I had luckily brought with me an old Chinaman called Apat, as my attendant. He went by the nickname of the "Faithful," because a sort of canine fidelity appeared to be his strongest characteristic. As soon as he discovered the state of affairs, he both cooked the dinner and waited on us at table, also doing what he could to help in the housework.

Next day we went for a walk on the island, ending with a call on the Penghulu, or Malay headman of the district. Our reception was not particularly cordial, and on our way home I was told the cause of this. Mrs. Lee had been ill, and the Penghulu's womenkind had come to call on her and inquire after her health. They thought it due to themselves, Malay fashion, to come in a troop of thirty, tailing off into a rabble of dirty unclad little slave boys and girls; they forced their way into her bedroom, where she was lying down with a bad headache, and intrusive and obtuse like all Malay women, began to ask foolish and impertinent questions, to touch Mrs. Lee's face and dress with their dirty hands, and to beg for everything they saw, which, in their code of manners, is considered a delicate compliment to the owner.

They did not mean any harm; on the contrary, they doubtless thought they were showing themselves extremely kind and neighbourly; but the not unnatural result of their attentions was that on Captain Lee's coming in, Mrs. Lee begged him to send them away, and he cleared the room without ceremony. The women went home and complained to the Penghulu that the superintendent had been uncivil, no doubt greatly exaggerating his actions; and since that day the Penghulu and he had been barely on speaking terms.

On the following day (Thursday) we paid a visit to the deserted sugar estate of Lumut, which was on the mainland close by. Here we visited the hut of the Eurasian superintendent, who was remaining there almost alone until all the affairs of the estate should be wound up. He evidently wished to make himself extremely agreeable, and busied himself in preparing tea for us. As we steamed back in the launch to Pangkor I asked Captain Lee how it was that this man, who was doubtless looked on as a white man by the Chinese coolies, had been able to stay on in no danger from them, although the two other white men on the estate had both fled. He replied that this man was believed to belong to the same Chinese Hoey, or secret society, as the coolies.

In Mrs. Lee's room were two Chinamen smashing open a box with hatchets.

The evening passed without anything eventful occurring, and as the mosquitoes were maddening, we separated for the night soon after nine.

I had been asleep some two hours, perhaps, when I was suddenly awakened by a great shouting and a great light overhead. The house was, like ours at Durian Sabatang, subdivided by partitions only about eight feet in height, so that a light in any one room lit up the whole roof, which was visible from all parts of the house. Besides the shouting and the glare, I heard several shots fired. "A Chinese festival, no doubt," thought I; and I felt no alarm, but only surprise that Captain Lee should allow Chinese to come into his house

making such a disturbance at midnight. After the noise had gone on for a few seconds, I began to think it strange that I did not hear Captain Lee's voice, and then to think that the sounds were almost too loud and confused even for a Chinese feast. I did not feel inclined to go out of my room, as my dress was hardly the thing for a mixed company, but compromised matters by jumping on a small table that stood near, and peeping over the wall. Then I saw a sight that convinced me that all was not right.

In the doorway just opposite me, which I knew was that of Mrs. Lee's room, were two Chinamen smashing open a box with hatchets. Yet I was far from guessing what was the fact—namely, that my host had been murdered a few minutes before, and that he and his wife were now lying weltering in their blood, just inside that doorway! I cried out loudly, "Captain Lee! Mrs. Lee! What is all this? What is the matter?"

There was no answer; but one of the Chinamen looked up, saw me, and, with his hatchet still in his hand, made for the door of my bedroom. I dashed down and held the door in the insane hope of keeping him out; but, alas! it was only made, like the rest of the house, of palm leaves lashed together with rattan, and in another moment the Chinaman had forced it open, and stood before me. Even then I did not understand that he intended to murder me. I was ignorant of the tragedy that had just taken place, and it never occurred to me as possible that the Lee's were not alive and well somewhere about the house.

The Chinaman marched into the middle of the room, I retreating before him, and saying in Malay, "What are you doing here? What do you want? Get out!" He made no answer, but held the hatchet up in front of him, grasping the handle with both hands, and, without the smallest change of expression in his countenance, made cuts, as I then thought, ineffectually, at my head. I raised my hand to parry the blows, and, as I felt absolutely no pain, fancied I had succeeded, but I must have fallen down insensible, as I remember nothing more. The doctor, on afterwards examining my head, found three trifling cuts and one severe one upon it, the latter about four inches long, and tolerably deep.

I do not know how long I lay unconscious, but my next recollection is of being roused by the sound of many excited Malay voices in the room. On first coming to myself I was by no means clear in my head or memory, and tried in vain to recollect where I was and what had happened.

I found myself lying under a bed, among boxes and lumber that were all strange to me. I listened eagerly to the noise going on in the room, but as about twenty Malays were all talking at once, even a better Malay scholar than myself might have been puzzled. I gathered, however, from a stray sentence, that Captain Lee was dead.

This filled me with great horror, which increased when I heard them talking about a Chinaman that was dead, and then I listened in vain for the voices of Mrs. Lee or the children. The silence of the latter seemed indeed ominous, as during my short acquaintance with them I had never before known them all to be quiet simultaneously. The poor little things had kept up a constant wailing night and day, from not being accustomed to their new nurse; so that now, when there was so much additional cause for their crying, their silence seemed most unnatural. I would have given a great deal at that moment to have heard again the pitiful wailing that had kept me awake on the first night of my arrival.

Presently I heard one of the Malays inquiring after me, and another replied in a cheerful voice:

"Doubtless she is dead, and her body thrown into the sea."

This did not seem to convince the questioner, who called out:

"Mem Perak! Mem Perak! Where are you? Do not fear; we are your friends. Come out!"

I felt so sure by this time that I was the only survivor from a general massacre of the British and their followers—for I had made up my mind that the dead Chinaman of whom they spoke was Apat, my servant—that I resisted without difficulty this polite invitation to come and be murdered, as I considered it. In fact, the more the Malays called me, the less inclined I felt to come; and when one of them presently lifted up the draperies of the bed and peered under it, I held my breath and lay as still as possible. He did not see me, as there was very little light, and the boxes concealed me.

The Malays continued to chatter, and I to listen. I heard one of them giving orders, and others deferentially replying, "Yes, sir, certainly, Tuan Penghulu." I immediately jumped to the conclusion, from what I had known of the quarrel between Captain Lee and the Penghulu, that the latter had planned the murder.

Shortly afterwards I heard the Penghulu dictating a letter, apparently to Mr. Rose, urging him to come at once and to bring plenty of police. This produced quite a revolution in my opinions; it was quite incompatible with my theory that the Penghulu was a murderous rebel, as the police in question were Sikhs and Pathans under the notorious Deen Mahomed; in short, they were formidable fellows, and the very last men whom a rebellious Malay would wish to meet.

My doubts of the Penghulu were dispelled by my hearing the well-known tones of my servant Apat, who came in saying he had hunted everywhere for and could not find me. This determined me to come out and show myself, and I did so. I must confess that the moment of my emerging from my retreat was an exciting one, for I could not really tell for certain whether I had heard aright—whether, in fact, I should be welcomed or murdered.

But I was not long left in doubt. After a general exclamation of "Wah!" from everybody they rushed up to me, Apat foremost. In delight at seeing me again, he seized both my hands, grinning from ear to ear, and expressing his joy at my being alive. I then had to tell the assembled company all that I knew of my own adventures, and they, in return, took up the tale where I left off.

They told me that, in the middle of the night, they had heard shots at the Residency, and had looked out and seen a great blaze of light in the direction of the house. They immediately armed themselves, and came out to find what was going on, arriving in time to see a quantity of boats full of Chinamen putting off from the shore. As they had no means at hand of pursuing them, they went into the house, where they found Captain Lee dead, Mrs. Lee apparently dying, the furniture all wrecked, and the bedclothes and other draperies just bursting into flames, the Chinese having set light to them with torches, no doubt in hopes of obliterating all traces of their crime. The Malays extinguished the flames, and did what they could for the dying.

The Penghulu was on the point of sending a report of the affair to Mr. Rose, mentioning, among other items, that from what I had heard whilst in hiding I saw no reason to doubt it. The Penghulu then showed me Captain Lee's

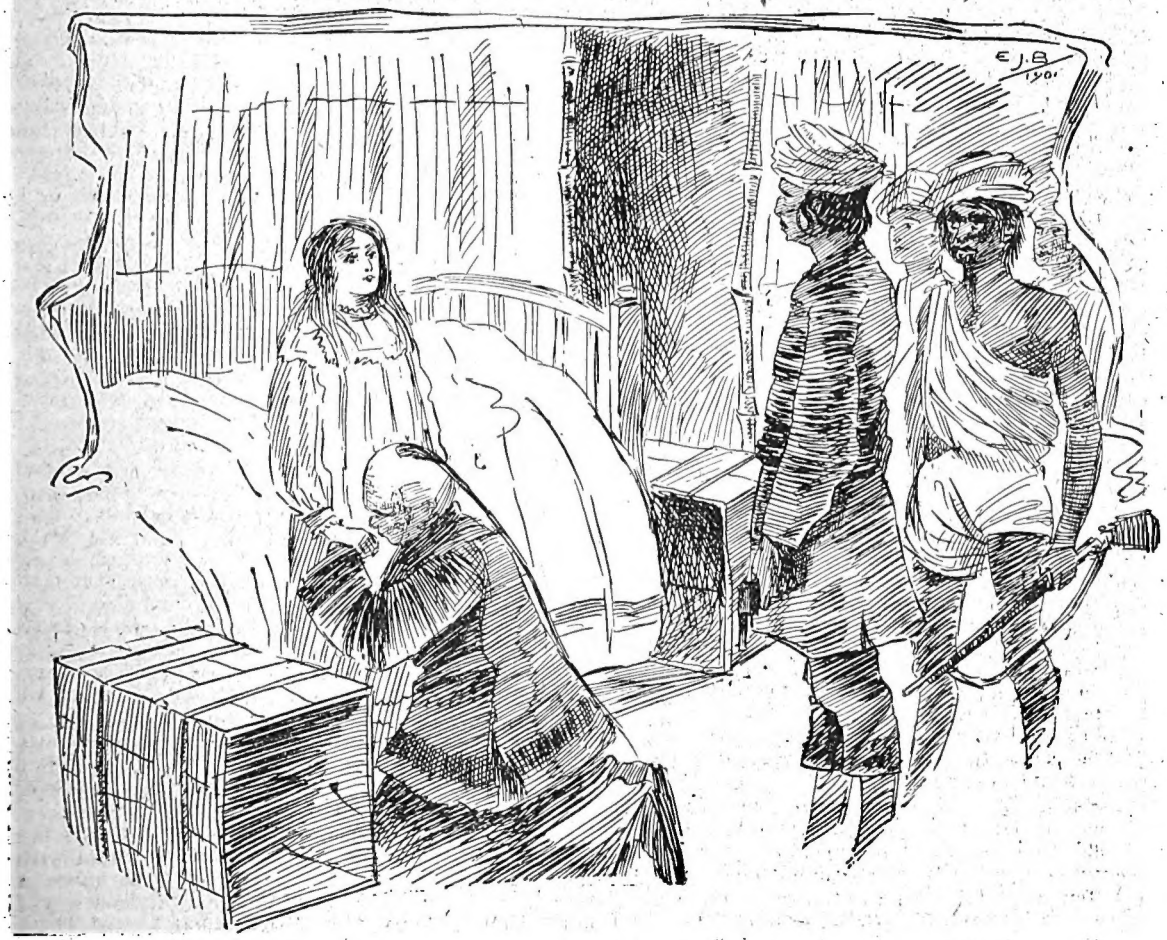
body, which was on the floor, reverently covered with a sheet, and the seemingly lifeless form of Mrs. Lee on the very bed from under which I had just come out. Her eyes were closed, and her face deathly pale, except where it was covered with blood, or black from the bruises of the hammers with which the fiendish ruffians had not scrupled to strike her.

I asked the Penghulu whether he thought she was alive. He said "Yes," but he did not think she could possibly recover. I suggested that "while there was life there was hope," and that we ought to do all we could to get her British medical assistance; and, after discussing what was possible to be done, it was proposed that I should go in the steam-launch, which was just about to set off for Durian Sabatang, and fetch with all speed the trading steamer, now probably somewhere on the Perak river.

I felt some doubt as to whether I had not better remain with Mrs. Lee, in case of her becoming conscious; but the Penghulu assured me that, from his experience of such cases, she would certainly not recover consciousness for hours, perhaps not for days; and that I might safely leave her in the charge of her Chinese ayah and of his own wife (who sat beside the bed fanning her), and be back again with the steamer before she could awake. Accordingly this was settled, and as the steam-launch was not yet quite ready, the Penghulu sat down to finish his letter, while I went to make some alterations in my dress. First, however, I inquired after the children, and, to my amazement, was told they were alive and unharmed. I walked into the nursery to see them for myself, and there they were, all placidly asleep in their little cribs. How they had contrived to sleep through all the disturbances was wonderful, unless, as was afterwards suggested, they had been drugged by the Chinese ayah.

The Malays now brought me a looking-glass to show me what my own appearance was like, and truly I was a ghastly object. My face, my hair, and my clothes were covered with not merely stains, but masses of clotted blood. I could not attempt to alter this, as I did not wish to keep the steam-launch waiting; so I merely added a hat and a long cloak to the clothes that I already wore, and started.

Once on board I had plenty of time, and tried to wash the blood from my face; but the skin was bruised and painful to the touch, and I desisted, under the impression that my face was cloven in half by a sword-cut—a mis-



I then had to tell the assembled company of my own adventures.

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taken impression, as it turned out, for I had no wounds except those on the top of my head.

The steam-launch was much longer in meeting the steamer than I had expected; but at last the welcome sight of her masts appeared, and I stopped her and told my story. I then sent on the steam-launch to Durian Sabatang, with Apat bearing a verbal message to Mr. Rose that he was not to be alarmed, as I felt quite well. This message Apat never delivered, but appeared before Mr. Rose with tears streaming down his face, and in such a state of fright at having to deliver bad news, that Mr. Rose could get hardly any news out of him at all. The Penghulu's letter was not much better, being, like all Malay letters, full of complimentary nothings, with the one piece of information crammed into half-a-line and placed in the middle of the letter, where it was as difficult to find as a needle in a haystack.

On our return to Pangkor, a coffin was hastily made for the body of Captain Lee, and it was carried on board to be taken to Penang. Mrs. Lee, still unconscious, and the children were also carried on board. I wished to remain behind to meet my husband, but was told that for several reasons it was advisable that I should also come to Penang; first, my testimony would be wanted at the inquest; secondly, my own wounds required medical attention; and thirdly, I might be of use in attending Mrs. Lee, as there was no European woman on board. To these representations I yielded, and, leaving a note to be delivered to Mr. Rose, I went on board.

We arrived at Penang at daybreak on Sunday. Our arrival caused, as may be supposed, a considerable sensation. Crowds of natives swarmed on to the wharf. The British authorities of Penang were soon in attendance, and an inquest was held on board; after which a discussion took place as to what was to be done with the survivors. The then Lieutenant-Governor of Penang and his wife, with their usual hospitality and warm-heartedness, wished to take in the whole party—children, ayahs, and all; but this was overruled by the doctor, who decided that Mrs. Lee was too ill to be moved to the Lieutenant-Governor's house.

In the end, Mrs. Lee and the children were taken in by a friend close at hand; while I went to the Lieutenant-Governor's house, where everything was done for me that could possibly be done in the way of kindness and attention. Before I left the steamer the doctor insisted on my having part of my head shaved. I have no doubt he was right; but the shaving, while the wounds were still fresh, hurt me terribly, whereas up to that moment I had felt no pain or discomfort from them.

I had barely arrived at the Lieutenant-Governor's house when Mr. Rose arrived from Durian Sabatang.

He had received the most garbled account of the affair—first from Apat, and then from the Penghulu at Pangkor, where he stopped for a few minutes on the way. He had had a most dangerous voyage himself, having come in a little steam-launch which was only fit for river use, and having encountered an awful storm at sea. As soon as he had satisfied himself that I was neither dead nor dying he went to interview the Lieutenant-Governor, who warned him that he would get into dire disgrace with his chief for having left his post without permission, as the excuse of a half-murdered wife was not admissible in official circles; and directed him to return at once to the scene of the murder, whither police, men-of-war, and all manner of defences were now being sent in hot haste, to "lock the stable door," and if possible to capture the murderers.

Investigations were meanwhile made in Penang, which resulted in the discovery that the murder had been done by a gang of Chinamen, composed partly of the ex-coolies of Lumut and partly of professional gang-robbers, who had hired a junk, and had been seen to start in the direction of Pangkor some days previously. It further came out that these coolies, indignant at being summarily disbanded from Lumut, and at not being at once provided with work by the Penang Government, had taken it into their foolish heads that Captain Lee was in some way to blame for their misfortunes, and that he was keeping back the money which ought to have been paid them in wages.

Just at that juncture arrived the three Chinese servants who had left Captain Lee's the day before my visit. They acted upon the discontented coolies like a spark upon gunpowder. The servants fancied they had themselves some grievance against Captain Lee, particularly the cook, who on one occasion had so far forgotten himself as to fling a plate at his master's head; and they easily persuaded the coolies that they would be doing what was only just and fair if they organised an expedition to recover their lawful wages, which, the servants declared, were kept by Captain Lee, to the extent of a thousand pounds, in a safe in his bedroom.

As a matter of fact, the money so kept was not the wages of the Lumut coolies; it was Government revenue, collected by Captain Lee, and kept in the safe until the proper day of forwarding it should arrive. However, the coolies swallowed the tale greedily, took some professional gang-robbers and the three servants with them, and carried out the expedition as we have seen. They found only two hundred in the safe, instead of the reported thousand; but they partly consoled themselves by carrying off all the watches, bracelets, and other valuables in the house. It was believed that at least sixty Chinamen had taken part in the affair.

After three weeks, when the country was again quiet, and Britons in Penang had ceased to look shudderingly under their beds at night for Chinese robbers, I returned to Durian Sabatang. I was twice summoned from there to go to Penang as a witness, and obeyed the first time; but as the hot voyage was very trying to my health, and my testimony was not in the least important, I ventured to disobey the second summons. In truth was so ill that my husband had determined to send me to Europe, and only waited to see if I should be wanted at the assizes before taking my passage.

I was not wanted at the assizes, of which I was glad on the whole, but, at the same time, I was not sorry to see and hear the end of an affair in which I took a deep interest. I never rightly heard all the details of the trial, but I believe that only three Chinamen were convicted, of whom one was hanged, and two were sentenced to penal servitude for life. Immediately after the sentences were pronounced, the man condemned to be hanged exclaimed, pointing to some of the prisoners who had just been let off, "Seven of those men whom you have let go are guilty!" No notice was, however, taken of this remark.

The one who was hanged declared from the first that he had committed all the murders, or would-be murders. He drew a plan of the house (a most curious specimen of drawing), to illustrate his confession, with little figures to represent the bodies lying in the different rooms as he had left them. Mine was lying in the middle of the room, just where I recollected the man striking at me; but how I came to be eventually in the other room hidden under the bed this man professed himself unable

to say. Several theories were suggested to account for this curious fact, the most probable one being that after remaining absolutely unconscious for some time, I may have partly recovered, and have had sufficient instinct of self-preservation to wander away and hide myself.

It was elicited at the trial that the sixty brave Chinamen who set forth to murder one Englishman and some women and children did not dare to do so without first making sure that the Englishman had no revolver.

They had arranged to have it stolen from Mrs. Lee's bedroom on the afternoon before the murder. This service was probably rendered them by the Chinese ayah, who alone had access to the room, and who was proved to have been a great friend of the cook's, the leader of the expedition. That cook was, unfortunately, never caught. The revolver was found next day hidden in the jungle.

Mrs. Lee gave evidence that her husband, on hearing a noise, had gone to the front-door unarmed, and had almost immediately staggered back into the room, wounded, and gasping out, "Give me my revolver!" She flew to get it, and found the case, but it was empty! Then she recollected turning and seeing her husband surrounded by Chinamen; but after this she remembered no more, being, like myself, struck down and left for dead.

The Chinese ayah, who was believed to have stolen the revolver, and made everything ready for the murderers, got off scot free. So did the twelve Malay police, who were supposed to guard the Residency, but who fled like rabbits at the approach of danger. So did about fifty-seven of the murderers, if the estimate of their number at sixty, made independently by several witnesses, be correct. So did the Eurasian superintendent, who was believed to have been an accessory before the fact; but this could not be proved against him.

Poor Apat died soon after the assizes under very suspicious circumstances. Mr. Rose had asked some officers of a man-of-war to lunch at Durian Sabatang, and he was much annoyed at the remarkably bad luncheon that was set before himself and his guests. At last he spoke about it to the servant in waiting, saying "Tell Apat this is really too bad." The servant replied, "Apat, sir, is dead." "*Dead!*" exclaimed Mr. Rose, aghast; and the guests, overhearing, inquired, with horror, "What, is the man who cooked the food we have been eating *dead?*" The servant repeated his statement, whereat they all rose and went into the kitchen, but found that Apat's body had already been carried away by his friends. They followed, and a sort of post-mortem examination was held, when the conclusion was come to that the death might have occurred from his having himself taken too much opium, or, on the other hand, it might have resulted from some other poison.

A suspicious circumstance was that a Chinese scullery-man, lately hired by Mr. Rose, was missing, and never reappeared, and that Apat's wages, which had been paid him that morning, were also missing. It was suggested that the scullery-man was an emissary of the Penang Hoey, sent to murder Apat on account of the evidence he had given at the trial: but this seems improbable, as Apat had given no evidence that could convict anyone. He had been in his usual health up to the day of his death.

With the sad and mysterious death of Apat "the Faithful" ended the series of horrors which, I fear, I shall never be able to forget.

TREVOR BATES.

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PART I. READY FRIDAY, JAN. 31.

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING PICTURES:

"GIRL WITH AN APPLE" . . . . By Greuze.
"SPEAK! SPEAK!!" . . . By Sir J. E. Millais.
"THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ST. JOHN" . . . . . By Titian.
"THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE" . . . . . By Frederick Walker, A.R.A.
"THE DOG IN THE MANGER" . By Walter Hunt.
"THE VALLEY OF THE LLUGWY" By B. W. Leader, R.A.
"KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID" . . . . . By Sir Edward Burne-Jones.
"CROMWELL AT DUNBAR" . . . By A. C. Gow, R.A.
"SPRINGTIME" . . . . By P. H. Calderon, R.A.

Part II. Published February 14th, will contain Pictures by Lady Butler, Murillo, Orchardson, Hobbema, Landseer, Turner, etc., etc.

Further particulars of the subsequent parts will be announced later.

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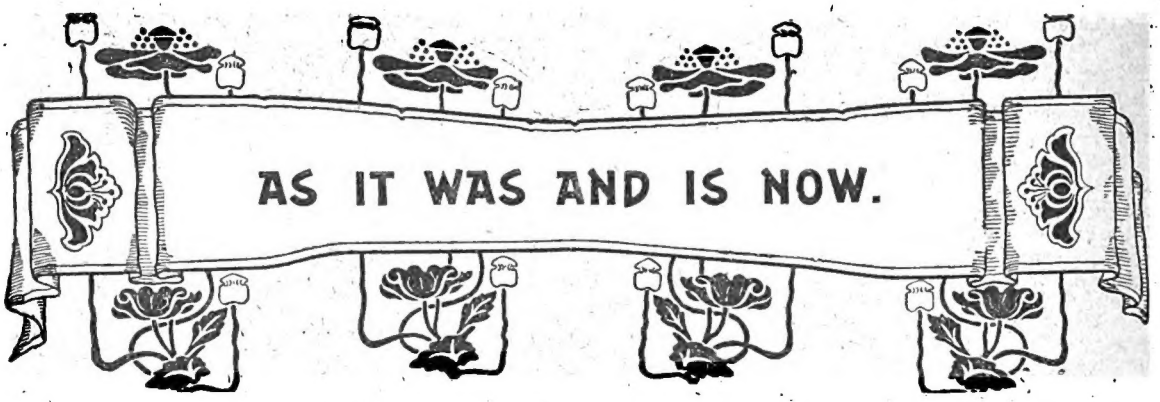

THE door of Madame Mardi's little shop stood open. In passing one caught a delicious whiff of perfume—an exquisite subtle fragrance that hung in the soft, moist atmosphere. The afternoon had been wet. But although the rain had ceased, the trees and roofs of the houses were still dripping in a dismal melancholy fashion.

The exterior of the shop, facing the narrow street, which seemed to wind its way uphill almost perpendicularly, was gloomy and forbidding. The small window, from which one Venetian blind had been thrown back against the wall, wore a thick coating of dust. More than one pane was cracked or broken, and here and there a bundle of yellow rags had been thrust into the aperture to keep out the draught. And all the time the bountiful largess of scent came out from the half-closed entrance.

Two pedestrians were coming down the steep incline. Both were dressed in black.

"I have no right now to talk of marriage," the man was saying, "I have no right even to speak of love——" He broke off abruptly, and turned away. There was a ring of despair in his voice. He felt dejected and disheartened, and had not the good sense to keep it to himself.

In spite of herself the girl blushed. A dull pain began tugging at her heart and showed itself in the lines of her face. She caught her underlip savagely between her teeth. For a moment the humiliation of her own self-consciousness maddened her.

"No?" she said stupidly. It was meant as an interrogative—a polite effort to be interested in a friend's affairs. But the girl had never learnt to disguise her feelings, and it sounded a pitiful acquiescence to the inevitable.

"For a long time I have been hoping against hope," the man went on. "I deceived myself. I forced myself to believe that something would turn up—that it would all come right in the end."

They were opposite Madame Mardi's shop now, and both stopped instinctively. For years they had walked home from the factory together, and the parting, when it came, was always reluctant.

A light drizzle was beginning to fall, and the man opened his umbrella. It was an invitation to her to stop out a few minutes longer, and she accepted it.

"Why should you be so despondent?" she said presently. Her voice was low and tremulous, and the bright colour still burnt in her cheeks. She felt like a supplicant, and hated herself for the sensation. But it was her duty to comfort him. "They cannot go on reducing our wages," she continued, slipping her fingers through his arm, and looking up for the first time to his face. "We suffer when times are bad, but we benefit when times are better."

"Why should the working classes have the whole weight to bear?" the man retorted, his eyes flashing and his voice rising angrily. "How is it just or fair that we should be ground down to maintain an artificial scale of profits? We have a right to demand that the selling price of our produce is sufficiently high to yield something more than a mere pittance."

The girl shrugged her shoulders. It was an old point of discord between them.

"Intellect has the first right," she answered persuasively. "Might is always right—even the superiority of brain power over muscle. A living wage is all that the working classes can demand from the capitalist. Not always that. Supply and demand must regulate the labour market. No other system would be economically sound. Besides, we are engaged in the manufacture of a luxury. The price of flowers is sent up at one end by the cold; the price of every kind of scent falls at the other, because the public cannot afford to pay as much as it used when times were better. What are the perfumers to do? Why, reduce their expenses, of course. Retrench in the best way they can."

"In other words, by cutting down our wages. Let them be satisfied with less profits, that's what I say. You wait and watch them tighten the screw again, Miss Philosophy, on eight francs a week," and the man laughed mockingly, but with a touch of admiration that he could not conceal.

"I am not a philosopher," the girl answered quickly; "only I see both sides of the question. My mother is an employer. That makes a difference." She stopped, and pushed back the hair from her forehead. She wore no hat, and the wind that came rushing round the corner of the street had given her a wild and disorderly appearance.

"Why don't you set up for yourself?" she said suddenly.

The man laughed.

"Because I can't afford to, in the first place, and possibly I am wanting in intellect, you little pet saint."

"What you *want* is enterprise," the girl retorted, half-contemptuously. "When my mother opened her shop she knew less of the trade than you do, and all the

capital she had was saved from a smaller salary than yours."

They had reached the bottom of the hill by this time, and began slowly to retrace their steps. The man accepted her rebuke in silence. A change came over his face.

"Your mother is a specialist," he responded. "There is all the difference between a specialist and a competitor in an overcrowded field. You know yourself that any perfumer in Grasse would give £1,000 for the secret of Madame Mardi's bouquet. She has created a demand, and no one else can supply it. Everyone cannot be so fortunate."

The girl smiled. There was a great deal of truth in what the man said. Her mother's scent was different from anything else in the world.

"If only I knew the recipe," the man continued, with a suppressed eagerness that he could not altogether disguise.

"*If I* Well, what would you do?"

Something in her tone made him turn and look at her closely. Almost unconsciously he moved a step nearer.

"I should set up for myself to-morrow," he answered, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm. "I would begin in a small way, and when I had earned enough I would build a factory for myself, and then——"

"And then?"

"I would share my fortune with the only woman there is in the world for me."

Once more the blood came surging to the girl's white cheeks, and she turned away, vividly conscious of the other's stare.

"What a happy dream," she exclaimed. "If only the castles we build in the air would sometimes come true——" And she broke off with a sigh.

"Marguerite, if you chose——"

"Hush!" she interposed, struggling to release her hand that he had taken in his. "Remember what you said just now. We must not let dreams affect our lives."

He let her go and watched her sullenly as she pushed back the door of the little shop.

"Good night, Ivan."

"Good night, Marguerite," he answered. For a moment they stood looking at one another. Her heart was beating faster than usual. He turned away, but came back again the next instant as if he had forgotten something.

"Marguerite," he said, "I don't believe you love me at all, not even a little scrap." And the next moment he was gone.

She stood on the threshold watching his broad back disappear down the hill; there was a choking sensation in her throat, and her pretty eyes were filled with tears.

* * * * * *

No one was in the shop. The little counter was covered with preserved fruits and crystallised violets, for which Madame Mardi was famous. Marguerite hung up her cloak behind the door, and mounted the three wooden steps which faced her.

"Is that you, Marguerite, child?"

"Yes, mother."

There was a little exclamation of pleasure in the same low, musical voice. A moment later the key was turned in the lock, and Madame Mardi's arms were entwined round her daughter's neck.

The room which served the old lady as her factory was small and square. A little wooden table ran down the middle. On this stood a number of empty bottles and half-a-dozen large tins of pomade already packed and labelled.

In front of the chair from which she had risen to admit her daughter stood a pile of glass frames, evenly spread with cold cream, in which the petals of a thousand violets were embedded. The floor at one end of the apartment was covered with flowers, which on closer inspection proved to be standing in great shallow basins of earthenware. A strong perfume pervaded the whole room. It was a strange, uncommon fragrance, that seemed half-bewildering and half-intoxicating to the senses. The girl crossed over to the window and opened it wide.

"How can you work in such an atmosphere?" she exclaimed.

Madame Mardi had already resumed her work.

"I love it," she said simply.

Marguerite drew the only unoccupied chair to the window, and, propping her elbows on the sill, and her chin on her hands, she sat there looking out over the red-tiled roofs of the houses across which the rain was now sweeping in great clouds of mist.

Her head ached, and her mind seemed to be in a feverish whirl. Ivan had never spoken to her of his love. There never appeared any necessity for an outspoken declaration. It was an understood thing, somehow, that they were all in all to each other. And now he had practically come to her and said that there could never be anything more between them than there had been in the past. She caught her breath with a hissing sound, pressing her hand to her heart.

"I don't believe that you love me, Marguerite," he had said. "Not even a little scrap."

She knew exactly what was in his mind when he uttered those words. Ought she to despise him for them? she wondered. What in the world could have put such an idea into his head? The girl glanced across the room at her mother. The old lady was bending over her flowers. The thin, tapering fingers were tearing them to pieces petal by petal with a dexterity that seemed almost incredible.

"She must have saved a great deal by this time," the girl reflected. "It is selfish to keep the secret to herself any longer when other people are in want. Selfish and mean."

She put her hand out into the rain, and pressed it to her burning forehead.

"After all," she went on, "the secret is as much mine as mother's. If I wish I have a right to share it with someone else. Ivan's happiness and my happiness both depend upon it. Besides, there is no reason why she should ever know——"

She started at her own thoughts and coloured guiltily.

"How demoralised I have become all of a sudden," she mused.

She got up and crossed over to Madame Mardi's side.

"Mother," she said, leaning on the table and looking up at the white, pinched face. "Mother, I believe you love your work better than me."

The accusation was too foolish to be taken seriously.

"My child, how can you talk such nonsense. My whole life is centred upon you. Dearest, you are crying——"

And Madame Mardi pushed back her chair and drew the tall, slim figure down on to her knees to kiss.

"What is it, little one?" she asked caressingly.

Marguerite tried to speak. But the words refused to come.

"You are tired, dear child," the old lady murmured,

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brushing back the unruly curls with long steady sweeps of her hand. "You must not stay out so late. Of course I love you. Who is it puts these thoughts into your head? I love you better than life itself. There! there! dearest, do not cry. I love you, and I enjoy working among my flowers, too. I am proud of the strength God has given me. It may be wrong, but I cannot help it. It makes me feel young once more when I think that, poor, lone widow that I am, I can hold my own and defy them all. We must thank our Blessed Mother for her goodness."

Her eyes sparkled, and she threw back her head defiantly. Madame Mardi's spirit was inexhaustible; but down in her heart Marguerite feared She had not the courage to say that she loved Ivan D'Auville.

* * * * *

Why Marguerite worked in the factory with the other girls nobody knew. But Madame Mardi wished her to learn the perfumer's trade in detail.

"Who can tell?" she used to say. "Perhaps some day we will open a factory of our own which you can superintend."

* * * * *

It was evening again. The scented corridors of the factory were crowded with men and women hurrying home after their long day's work. Ivan had been in the laboratory blending the various perfumes; he went down to the basement and found Marguerite there.

"I am going away from Grasse," he said abruptly.

She looked at him with startled eyes, bending her brows with an evident effort to understand.

"Going away?" she repeated numbly.

"Yes. The present wages are not enough to keep body and soul together. Mother is ill, and so is the baby. We cannot afford a doctor."

"But where are you going to? What is the good of going?"

"We may do better somewhere else. We can't do worse. Good-bye, Marguerite. Good-bye——"

"But can nothing be done?"

"Nothing. It might have been different. The dream might have come true if you——" He turned away overcome by the force of his emotions, and buried his face in his hands.

She said something, he did not hear what, and a moment later his ears caught the tap, tap of her wooden shoes across the stone-flagged floor. He started up at the thought that she was going.

"Marguerite," he called. "For Heaven's sake, have pity on me. One word from you can save us from this trouble."

* * * * *

A month swept by. A change had come over Madame Mardi. Her hair had grown whiter; her face was thinner and paler than of yore. When Marguerite came in she saw that her mother had been crying.

The sight went to her heart.

"Dear mother, what is the matter?"

"Do you not know, then?"

A cold wave seemed to sweep over the girl. She stretched out one hand and leant heavily on the little counter for support.

"Tell me," she murmured.

The old lady was furious. She spoke so fast that it was almost impossible to follow her.

"Someone else is making my scent. That's what I'm crying about. At least, I'm not crying." Here she produced her handkerchief and began blowing her nose in a way that contradicted the assertion. "Day by day my orders have been dropping down. This week they are not large enough to pay expenses. It's breaking my heart, that's what it is. But I'm not going to cry. What's the use of crying. Marie, be brave, I say. If I could find the man who is robbing me——"

Marguerite shuddered.

"Mother, mother. Do not take it to heart like that. Perhaps it will all turn out best in the end."

But the old lady was not to be consoled. She shook her head mournfully from side to side.

"Look here," she said.

Marguerite followed the direction of her mother's finger. It was pointing out of the window over the housetops to the scaffold of a new building that was being erected behind the church.

"You see that?" she asked quietly.

The girl was puzzled.

"Yes, mother," she said.

"Well, that's mine. Mine and yours. Every penny I have in the world is invested in it. I have been saving all my life for that factory, and now——"

Marguerite closed her eyes and turned away. She could not bear the sight of her mother's grief. What was this thing that she had done?

* * * * *

Ivan D'Auville was rich and prosperous. He looked round for the factory that he had dreamt of. A big edifice had been begun behind the church and abandoned. The landlord agreed to finish it off for him.

"I have not seen Marguerite for some time," he thought. "I must tell her that I am converted to her views on the labour problem. The more you grind your workmen down, the more satisfaction they give you."

The man and the girl met once more in the little street. He noticed how white and pale she looked as they came nearer. Possibly his conscience pricked him. "After all," he reflected, "I owe everything to her. It was a noble sacrifice."

For nearly an hour they walked up and down talking. Her heart was aching; her thoughts were full of her mother's disappointment; but she managed to listen to all he had to say.

"A few days more, little one," he observed, "and I shall have a comfortable home to offer to the woman I love. It is built on the wreck of some other person's hopes; but that is the way of the world."

The blood mounted to the girl's cheeks. After all, no great damage had been done. Her mother could live with them; the secret would still be in the family.

"When are you thinking of settling down?" she asked.

"That must depend," he answered, taking a rose from his buttonhole and picking it to pieces. "*Parbleu!* That must depend on my cousin Barine. She wants time for her trousseau."

He looked at Marguerite. Her face was so white and drawn that he wondered what he could ever have found attractive in her.

The sun shone down brightly.

Two little sparrows on the gable above nodded their heads and laughed. They seemed to have found a jest.

Ida Saindor.

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The Fate of MacCallum Faa.

It was a wild winter night in the Peninsula. The British army under Sir John Moore was in full retreat upon Corunna. Private MacCallum Faa muttered a deep curse upon the weather as he bent his feather-plumed bonnet to the driving snowstorm, and drew his tattered greatcoat closer across his breast. Private Neil Macrae echoed the curse as he tramped along through the snow shoulder to shoulder to Faa, in the rear of their regiment, the 42nd Highlanders.

Suddenly Faa spoke:

"D'ye hear aught, Neil?" he asked.

"Hear aught?" repeated Macrae. "Why, I hear the skirlin' o' the blast. What the deil else can a body hear a nicht like this?"

"Ye dinna hear the skirlin' o' the pipes, Neil?" asked Faa.

Macrae listened a moment and then replied:

"Na, I dinna hear them. They're na skirlin' noo, or we'd surely hear them wi' the win' blawin' straight doon tae us frae the pipers."

For some time longer the two Highlanders marched on through the fast falling snow, then MacCallum Faa again spoke.

"D'ye hear the pipes noo, Neil?"

Again Neil Macrae listened, and again he replied:

"Na, I hear naught but the sough o' the win'."

"Listen again, Neil. Hear ye na 'We Return no More'?" anxiously inquired MacCallum Faa.

Neil Macrae stopped dead in his tracks and seized Faa by the arm.

"Dae *ye* hear 'We Return no More'?" he demanded, peering closely into his comrade's face.

"Aye, I've heard it twice the last hoor, Neil; an' it's been runnin' in ma heid a' the day," replied Faa.

"D'ye hear it noo?" questioned Macrae, still grasping Faa's arm.

Faa listened a moment and answered:

"Aye, I hear it comin' doon on the win' frae the front."

Macrae listened intently for a long time, then he let go his hold of Faa's arm and said:

"Deil take me but I believe ye're fey. Ma lugs are as shairp as ony man's i' the regiment, an' I'll swear the pipes haena' played the last twa hoors. An' o' a' the tunes i' the piper's buik, what for should they play 'We Return no More'? Answer me that, MacCallum Faa?"

Faa shook his head despondingly, and said:

"I'm on ma last mairch, Neil. I'll ne'er see anither sun rise. But let's gang on. We're ower far tae the rear."

The two Highlanders resumed their march, and Faa continued:

"Neil Macrae, I'm on ma last mairch. I'll na live tae see anither morn. Na, dinna tell me I'm a fule. Yer ain Hielan' heart tells ye I'm fey. Noo, Niel Macrae, hear me speak. Ye've been a guid comrade tae me an' a true ane, an' I ken weel ye'll be true tae me an' mine after I'm deid. Neil Macrae, wad it surprise ye tae be tauld that MacCallum Faa is a mon o' walth?"

Neil Macrae turned and stared at Faa.

"I see," continued the latter, "it does surprise ye. An' yet, Neil, Private MacCallum Faa, wha naebody thocht was worth a plack, carries beneath his torn doublet the ransom o' a king. Neil Macrae, I hae wi' me noo, as I gang by your side, twa hundred thoosand punds!"

Macrae stopped short and gazed pityingly at Faa, whom he verily believed to be "fey," that is, forewarned of his approaching death.

Moreover, he now began to think that his comrade was wandering in his mind as well. His bosom comrade, Private MacCallum Faa, worth two hundred thousand pounds, which he carried on his person at that instant! Surely the foreboding thoughts of impending death had turned Faa's brain.

Faa read his companion's thoughts aright.

"Ye think I'm daft as weel as fey, Neil," he said. "But ye're wrong. Look here!" And fumbling under his greatcoat for an instant he brought forth a leather case. "In this bit pooch, Neil," said he, "are jools worth twa hundred thoosand punds. It's nae use, in this mirk nicht, openin' the case, but ye can tak' ma word for it that I'm na addin' a bawbee tae the value o' them."

"An' whaur the deil did ye get them?" gasped Macrae.

"I'll tell ye," answered Faa. "It was at the crossin' o' the Esla. Durin' the skirmish I found this bit case on the field, clasped in the dead hand o' a French trooper, wha had dootless looted it frae some Spanish mansion. I picked it up, and that same nicht I shawed it tae Henry Wilks, the lang leggit Lunnon dragoon. Wilks had got his deith blaw, an' I ca'd in by the hospital tae

see him. The loon was a bit fond o' me—I'd done him a guid turn at Vimiera when I was in the 91st—an' as I was biddin' him fareweel for the last time this side the grave, it cam ower me tae show him the jools, for I kent Wilks had been a jooler himsel' afore he 'listed."

"He was deein' fast, but he was well pluckit—thae Lunnon loons a'ways are when they come tae the wa'. Weel, he took the case an' lang he looked the jools ower an' ower. Then he said to me: 'Faa, ye blayguard, whaur the deil did ye snick this frae?' I tauld him quite angry that I was a Hielan' gentleman an' nae thief, an' that I'd found the bit case on the field an' took it as fair loot. I was a wee bit short wi' him for hintin' I had stole the jools an' I held oot ma haund for the case.

"'No sae fast, Faa,' says he, 'd'ye ken what these geegaws are worth?'

"'Na, I've nae idee,' says I. 'Hae ye?'

"'Hae I?' says Wilks, as prood o' his joolry knowledge as if he werena' within' an hoor o' his death. 'Hae I ony idee o' the value o' ony jools under the sun? I'll tell ye what, MacCallum Faa, ye're aboot the walthiest mon in the British Airmy the day. Ye're worth two hundred thoosand punds!"

"I thought Wilks was fulin' me an' I tauld him sae. 'MacCallum Faa,' says he, quite solemnly, 'ye ken, an' I ken it as weel, an' better, I'm near deith. In anither hoor,' says he, 'I'll be paradin' afore the Great Commander-in-Chief tae answer for ma manifold sins. Think ye then, I'm likely to add a fresh lee tae the lang list? What guid wad it do me, a deein' mon, tae pit a fause price on yer jools? For by the richts of war they belang tae ye. An', abune a' men in the warld, why should I fule ye, the mon that saved ma life at Vimiera? Na, na, Faa, auld comrade,' says Wilks, 'I'm na fulin ye. Tak' ma word for't, the word of a mon that kens the value to a penny piece of sic trinkets as are in this bit case; tak' ma word, these jools are worth fu' twa hundred thoosand punds. An' as they be yours by the richts o' loot in war, dinna ye pairt wi' them, Faa, for a penny less.' He gave me back the case an' I stayed by him till the last, an' it was I that closed the een o' Henry Wilks, the cavalrymon. An' I'm thinkin', Neil, it's yersel' that wull close the een o' MacCallum Faa afore morn."

"Na, na," retorted Macrae; "ye'll live tae tak' the jools hame tae Auld Scotlan' yet. But, ma certie, comrade, richt foot foremost, or we'll lose the regiment."

For during Faa's recital of his surprising story, he and Macrae had stood still in the fast falling snow. They hurried on after their regiment as fast as the deep snow would permit, and Faa continued:

"Gin aught happens tae me the nicht, Neil, ye'll find the case o' jools neist ma sark."

"Hoot, toot, mon!" retorted Macrae, endeavouring to cheer his despondent comrade; "ye'll live for many a lang day. Ye'll be a graund gentleman wi' the gowd the jools will bring ye."

Faa shook his head gloomily.

"I tell ye, Neil, I'll na see the morn. It's na use yer makin' bleeve ye think I will, I'm fey, Neil, an' the coronach is soundin' loud in ma lugs the noo. I'll be deid afore morn, an' that's why I tell't ye aboot the jools. An' noo, Neil, hear ma last will an' testament. Ye're a troo man, Neil, an' there's na need, forbye opportunity, tae pit it doon on paper. When the breith's oot o' me ye'll tak' the jools off me—I maun keep them whiles I'm alive—an' ye'll tak' them hame tae the auld countrie an' sell them for twa hundred thoosand punds. Ye'll gie hauf tae ma auld faither an' mither an' ma bonnie sister, Elsie, an' hauf ye'll keep yersel'; Neil—ye will I tell ye, it's ma deein' wish—tae raise yerself an' your kin in the warld. Sae let's hear nae mair, Neil. Ye'll dae as I hae wished ye. An' noo let's gang on."

Macrae was deeply affected by Faa's generosity and trust in him, but he obeyed his comrade's behest and tramped along in silence. It was a dark night, the now was driving in their faces and increasing in depth each moment. Suddenly, as they plodded along almost knee deep in snow, Faa stumbled over some obstruction hidden in the snow and fell heavily to the ground, with an audible snapping of bones and a deep groan. Macrae was quickly beside him and found that his comrade had fallen over a boulder and broken both legs. Macrae looked miserably about him into the wild winter night. The two Highlanders were alone. They had fallen far behind their comrades and it was useless shouting for help, for the wind was blowing fiercely down to them from the regiment.

"I maun gang after the lads, Faa," said Neil, "an' bring a pairty back for ye. There's naething else to be dune, an' the suner it's dune the better for ye, lad."

Faa groaned acquiescence. Macrae took his great-coat off, and regardless of Faa's feeble protests against the sacrifice, wrapped it round his unfortunate comrade. Then, having made him as comfortable as he could, he bade him cheer up and set out to overtake the regiment and return with help. A couple of hours later he returned with a squad of his comrades to the spot where he had left Faa, but the latter had vanished, leaving no trace in the thickly-falling snow. How he had gone and where, was a mystery. That was the last of Private MacCallum Faa of the 42nd Highlanders. He was posted in the regimental records as "missing" Only Neil Macrae knew of the jewels, and it was from him that I had this story. Neil is still alive, although it is now the year 1880. He is a prosperous Highland crofter, and was twenty-five years old when my great uncle, MacCallum Faa, so mysteriously disappeared that stormy winter night with two broken legs and two hundred thousand pounds' worth of jewels. Neil, at the age of ninty-six, is still hale, hearty, active and upright; and it is my greatest pleasure to hear him tell of the wild Peninsula days, and the strange disappearance of my lost relative, MacCallum Faa.

In the winter of 1880 I was travelling in northern Spain for orders for the firm by which I am employed. One afternoon I was walking from one small town in the province of Galicia to another a few miles distant. While still some miles from my destination in a wide stretch of open country, the snow, which had been threatening for days past, came down so fast and heavily that the air grew dark as night, and before an hour had passed I was completely out of my bearings.

Stumbling along in the blinding snowflakes, I came to the ruins of an old convent, and while looking about for some sheltered corner, I suddenly felt the ground give way beneath me, and, with a cry of alarm, I was precipitated into a black cavity. I had a box of matches, and striking one, discovered that I had fallen into a vault underneath the convent ruins.

The vault was empty save for a few dried faggots of wood; one of which I lighted and used as a torch. The hole through which I had fallen was fifteen feet above me, so I could not escape that way. In one wall of the vault was a yawning doorway, and approaching it, the torchlight revealed a long, dark, but perfectly dry passage. It was about three feet wide, and high enough for me to walk upright. I decided to enter.

For nearly a mile I traversed its narrow length, and then it terminated in a very narrow, steep, and winding staircase which appeared to be built in the thickness of a stone wall.

I mounted the stairs and had ascended some twenty of them when I came upon a ghastly object. Sprawling over half-a-dozen of the steps was the skeleton of a man. A rusty stiletto was firmly fixed in the breastbone, and the bones of both legs were broken. By the position in which it lay the skeleton appeared to have been thrown down the stairs from above many years before, when its whitened bones were still covered with flesh. Whether the legs had been broken in the fall or before it, none could say. The stiletto, however, pointed clearly to murder. I stepped gingerly over the grinning object and continued up the stairs. But a few steps further upward I again stopped.

At my feet lay a dust-covered cloth. Holding the torch close to it, I discovered to my amazement that it was a kilt of 42nd tartan, very old and worn and faded. On the steps immediately above I saw several other articles, and picking them up, found a goatskin sporran, a tattered greatcoat, a private soldier's scarlet tunic, an old Highland feather bonnet, and a pathetically thin-worn pair of hose and shoes, all of the pattern worn by the famous old 42nd Highlanders in the early part of last century.

The clothes, like the skeleton, appeared to have lain undisturbed where I found them for very many years. What bygone tragedy did they now bring to light? It was natural to suppose that the clothes had belonged to the man whose bones lay on the steps below, and in that case he had been a private soldier of the 42nd Highlanders. But how came a British soldier's remains to be found in an underground chamber of some Spanish building? I was aware that I was in the exact country through which the British force under Sir John Moore had retreated to Corunna, and in that force was the 42nd Foot, for had not my lost great-uncle MacCallum Faa belonged to that historic regiment?

MacCallum Faa! I reeled back against the steep stairs as a wild suspicion flashed into my mind. Seizing the tunic, I examined the inside. An exclamation of mingled astonishment, pity, and horror burst from my lips, for there, stamped plainly in black figures on the inside of the tunic was the number of the regiment to which the unfortunate soldier-wearer had belonged, together with his regimental number. The first was, of course, the 42nd Foot, and the latter I recognised instantly as the number which Neil Macrae had often told me had been borne by my great uncle, MacCallum Faa! I leant against the steep steps and gazed pityingly and reflectively at the clothing and skeleton.

This then, was the fate of MacCallum Faa! Stabbed to death, murdered, even when his poor legs were broken; stripped naked and flung, body and clothes, down the secret staircase of some Spanish building!

"But why was he murdered?" I asked myself. "For the jewels he bore when he was last seen," came the natural answer.

Who had murdered him, and what building was this, in the underground chambers of which I had discovered his remains? Where did these steps lead to? My torch began to flicker warningly, for it was nearly burnt out, so I recalled my thoughts from the mysterious past to the stern present and continued up the stairs.

Full thirty more of them I ascended, and then I was confronted by a stone wall in which was a broad, low panel of wood. "A secret door," I muttered. But a door which had not been opened for very many years, I judged, by its appearance. Fumbling over it by good luck I found the spring, for the panel moved noiselessly aside. Stepping through the opening thus revealed I found my face brushed by heavy draperies, and pushing this cautiously and slightly aside, a strange sight burst upon me.

I was in a large room, luxuriously furnished as a bedroom, and brilliantly lighted up by tall wax tapers, the walls being covered by tapestry. In a huge wooden bedstead lay an old man, a very old man, much older in appearance than Neil Macrae, and by the bedside was a priest. The old man was evidently dying fast and was confessing to the priest. I was at first on the point of making my presence known, as I had no desire to hear what was only intended for the priest's ears, but seeing that the dying man had but a few more minutes of life, I thought it better not to disturb those last minutes by intruding in so unexpected a manner. I had thus, perforce, to listen to his confession.

"Murder, brother!" the priest was saying in a tone of mild surprise, as though it were no uncommon crime for one of his flock to confess to.

"Yes, father," groaned the old man. "It was many, many years ago, seventy-one long years ago, when I was a young man of thirty. It was the night when the British forces under Moore passed through here, in the winter of 1809. Returning to this house from the town that night in a severe snowstorm, I came upon a soldier of a Scotch regiment lying by the roadside, which, as you know, father, is a mile from my house. He told me he had fallen and broken both his legs, and that his comrade had gone for help. My heart was full of pity for the helpless soldier, bad as I was, and I carried him that long, weary mile to this house and got the servants to put him in my own bed—in this bed. Under my directions they stripped him in order that I might set his broken limbs, for, as you know, father, I am a skilled surgeon. I was about to set to the task of binding up his limbs when I observed a case clasped in the soldier's hands. He had fainted with the pain of moving him, so I took the case from his unresisting fingers and opened it.

"It contained jewels, father; jewels of priceless worth, and the sight of them roused all my worst passions to the utmost. I was heavily in debt, and those jewels would not only clear me but make me rich for life. At once I made up my mind. No one was in the room with me but the unconscious victim. I drew my stiletto and plunged it into his breast with such force that I could not withdraw the weapon. There is a secret panel in the wall of this room, father, which opens on to a staircase built in the wall. This staircase leads to an underground passage connecting this house with the old convent a mile away. No one knew of this underground passage then but me, and no one knows of it now but me—and you, father.

"I dragged the body to the secret panel, which I opened, and flung the dead soldier and his uniform down the secret stairs. Then I shut the panel and it has not been opened since. I burnt the bloodstained bedclothes and told the servants next morning that the soldier's comrades had come and taken him away during the night. No one suspected but that it was the truth. I sold the jewels, which enabled me to pay my debts and live in luxury ever since.

"Moreover, father, I have prospered exceedingly, despite the dreadful deed which laid the foundation of all my wealth; and in that box on the table you will

find Bank of England notes to the value of £700,000, the value of the jewels which I stole from the man I murdered and interest on it at five per cent."

From my position behind the tapestry I saw the priest's eyes glisten, and he shot an eager glance towards the box on the table.

"Yes, brother," he said.

"Father," groaned the dying old murderer, "I wish you to seek out the relatives of the man I killed, and hand them over the £700,000. I remember well—only too well—his name and regiment, for he told me, when I was carrying him to this house, that his name was MacCallum Faa, that he was a private soldier of the 42nd Foot, and that his family hailed from the town of Inverness, in Scotland. Seek out the relatives of such a person who served under Moore in 1809, father, and give them the whole of the money in that box. In this way, father, I make what reparation I can for the dreadful crime committed by me so long ago. The remainder of my property, father, I leave to the Holy Church. And now, father, absolve me, for I shall not live many more minutes."

"Brother," said the priest softly, "have you, in your will, left that £700,000 to the surviving relatives of a long-dead and forgotten foreign heretic?"

"I have, father," feebly replied the repentant murderer.

"Then you must alter the will," said the priest determinedly. "You must leave *all* your property to the Holy Church."

"Mercy, father!" gasped the dying man. "I must——"

"Or I refuse you absolution!" thundered the priest his brow as black as night.

"Mercy!" shrieked the old man.

"*Excommunico*—" began the priest.

"I consent!" screamed the wretched old man.

The priest looked round the room for ink and paper.

I turned where I stood concealed by the tapestry and ran quickly, but noiselessly down the secret stairs. Hastily taking off my own clothes, I put on the faded kilt, tunic, bonnet, sporran, hose and shoes of my murdered relative, MacCallum Faa, and running up the stairs again, I peeped from behind the tapestry. The old man was just about to sign his name to the paper which the priest had drawn up, in which the former bequeathed all the property to the Catholic Church.

I parted the tapestry and stepped into the room. The priest had his back towards me, as he held the paper for the old man to sign. The latter raised his eyes for an instant in a last mute appeal to the remorseless face of the priest, and as he did so they fell upon me standing silently behind the father.

With one long, dreadful scream, that rings in my ears to this day, he dropped the pen, and pointing a long, shrunken forefinger at me, shrieked:

"The murdered Highlander!" and fell back dead, still, even in death, glaring and pointing.

At his cry and words the priest wheeled suddenly round, and as his horrified gaze fell upon the spirit of the murdered Highlander, as he thought, he fell upon his knees, his jaw dropped in speechless terror, he flung both hands out to ward me off, and with a great gasp, died, his body stiffening in that position.

I picked up the box on the table and made a hasty examination of its contents, which I found to consist of seven hundred £1,000 notes of the Bank of England. I thrust the box into a large, empty portmanteau which I found in a corner of the room. Then I returned to the secret stairs for my own clothes, put them on, and picking up the poor remains of MacCallum Faa, I carried them up to the bedroom and packed skeleton and uniform in the portmanteau with the cash box.

Taking up the portmanteau, I opened the bedroom door, and, after listening for a moment, closed it behind me, leaving the ghastly figures of the old man and the priest glaring and pointing horribly in the rigidity of death from fright.

By good luck I managed to make my way out of the house without seeing or being seen by any of the other inmates, whom I could hear talking and moving about. When I got outside I found the snow had ceased to fall and the stars were shining bright and clear. Without further mishap I made my way to the railway station of the nearest town, and travelled straight to Corunna, taking ship there for home, which I reached in due time.

The remains of my hapless great-uncle, which had lain for three score years and ten on the secret stairs of a Spanish mansion, I caused to be interred in his—and my—native village near Inverness.

Old Neil Macrae shed a stern, soldierly tear for his long-lost comrade of the wild days of Corunna, but he refused to take a penny of the £700,000, half of which I offered him. He says he is prosperous and content; but, nevertheless, I have made over £350,000 to his descendents "to raise them in the world," as the luckless but generous-hearted MacCallum Faa wished to be done.

W. J. Ormiston.

Sister Was Careless.

Little Miss: "I'm going to have a birthday party next week." Mr. Nicefellow: "The members of your family always celebrate their birthdays, I believe?" Little Miss: "Yes, all but sister. She's got so careless, she's beginnin' to skip hers."

The "No Medicine" Cure.

"Yes," said the sober-faced man, "we tried everything for her. We had allcpaths and homeopaths, and water cures and movement cures, and they could do nothing for her. We finally gave up in despair, and——" "And she lingered along for a week or two, until death at last brought relief to her suffering," said the man who interrupts. "No, she got well immediately."

Result of the "Detective" Competition.

The first prize of £5 has been awarded to Mr. Alec Malcolm, of Clifton Villa, Terenure, Dublin.

A prize of 10s. has been sent to each of the following:

J. Wilson, 84 Willesden Lane, Kilburn, N.W.; Miss M. Campbell, Withen's Lane, Liscard, Cheshire; T. S. Howe, 22 Claverton Street, Pimlico, S.W.; Miss H. Hall, 1 Quarry Terrace, Hastings; L. J. Lloyd, Portway Place, Wantage, Berks.; L. E. Miller, 105a Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth; D. Jones, care of Mr. Jonah Jones, 31 Greenfield Terrace, Bargoed, near Cardiff; Miss F. Smith, "Winfrith," The Crescent, Bedford; A. E. T. Rampton, 29 Courthope Road, Hampstead; M. Freeman, 1 Henry Street, Chatham.

Fifty consolation prizes in the shape of books, knives, and pencil-cases have been awarded to other competitors. Below is the key:

(1) Four. (2) One. (3) Breakfast. (4) The one who sat in the seat facing armchair. (5) The one who occupied the chair facing the wall. (6) The one who sat in the chair on the left of armchair. (7) The one who sat in the seat facing armchair. (8) The one who occupied the armchair. (9) The ones who sat in the armchair and chair on its left. (10) The one who sat in the chair on the right of armchair.

The Lovers of Yvonne

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

CHAPTER XVI.
The Way of Woman.

For all that I realised that this love of mine for Yvonne was as a child still-born—a thing that had no existence save in the heart that had begotten it—I rejoiced meanly at the thought that she was not destined to become Andrea's wife. For since I understood that this woman, who to me was like no other of her sex, was not for so poor a thing as Gaston de Luynes—like the dog in the fable I wished that no other might possess her. Inevitable it seemed that sooner or later one must come who would woo and win her. But ere that befall, my Lord Cardinal would have meted out justice to me—the justice of the rope methought—and I should not be by to gnash my teeth in jealousy.

That evening, when the Chevalier de Canaples had gone to pay a visit to his vineyard, the thing that next to himself he loved most in the world, and whilst Geneviève and Andrea were vowing a deathless love to each other in the rose-garden—their favourite haunt when the Chevalier was absent—I seized the opportunity for making my farewells to Yvonne.

We were leaning together upon the balustrade of the terrace, and our gazes were turned towards the river and the wooded shores beyond, a landscape this that was as alive and beautiful now as it had been dead and grey when first I came to Canaples two months ago.

Scarce were my first words spoken when she turned towards me, and methought—but I was mad I told myself—that there was a catch in her voice as she exclaimed, "You are leaving us, Monsieur?"

"To-morrow morning I shall crave Monsieur your father's permission to quit Canaples."

"But why, Monsieur? Have we not made you happy here?"

"So happy, Mademoiselle," I answered with fervour, "that at times it passes my belief that I am indeed Gaston de Luynes. But go I must. My honour demands of me this sacrifice."

And in answer to the look of astonishment that filled her wondrous eyes, I told her what I had told Andrea touching my word of honour to Montrésor, and the necessity of its redemption. As Andrea had done, she also dubbed it madness; but her glance was nevertheless so full of admiration that methought to have earned it was worth the immolation of liberty, of life perchance, who could say?

"Before I go, Mademoiselle," I pursued, looking straight before me as I spoke, and dimly conscious that her glance was bent upon my face. "Before I go, I fain would thank you for all that you have done for me here. Your care has saved my life, Mademoiselle; your kindness, methinks, has saved my soul. For it seems to me that I am no longer the same man whom Michelot fished out of the Loire that night two months ago. I would thank you, Mademoiselle, for the happiness that has been mine during the past few days—a happiness such as for years has not fallen to my lot. To another and worthier man the task of thanking you might be an easy one; but to me, who know myself to be so far beneath you, the obligation is so overwhelming that I know of no words to fitly express it."

"Monsieur, Monsieur, I beseech you. Already you have said overmuch."

"Nay, Mademoiselle, not half enough."

"Have you forgotten, then, what you did for me? Our trivial service to you is but unseemly recompense. What other man would have come to my rescue as you came, with such odds against you, and forgetting the affronting words wherewith that very day I had met your warning? Tell me, Monsieur, who would have done that?"

"Why, any man who deemed himself a gentleman, and who possessed such knowledge as I had."

She laughed a laugh of unbelief.

"You are mistaken, sir," she answered. "The deed was worthy of one of those valiant knights we read of, and I have never known but one man capable of accomplishing it."

Those words and the tone wherein they were uttered set my brain on fire. I turned towards her; our glances met and in her eyes—those eyes that but a while ago had never looked on me without avowing the disdain wherein she had held me—were now filled with a light of kindliness, of sympathy, of tenderness, that seemed more than I could endure.

Already my hand was thrust into the bosom of my doublet, and my fingers were about to drag forth that little shred of green velvet that I had found in the coppice on the day of her abduction, and that I had kept ever since as one keeps the relic of a departed saint. Another moment, and I should have poured out the story of the mad, hopeless passion that filled my heart to bursting, when of a sudden, "Yvonne! Yvonne!" came Geneviève's fresh voice from the other end of the terrace. The spell of that moment was broken.

Methought Mademoiselle made a little gesture of impatience as she answered her sister's call; then, with a word of apology, she left me.

Half-dazed by the emotions that had made sport of me, I leant over the balustrade, and with my elbows on the stone and my chin on my palms, I stared stupidly before me, thanking God for having sent Geneviève in time to save me from again earning Mademoiselle's scorn. For as I grew sober, I did not doubt but that with scorn she would have met the wild words that already trembled on my lips.

I laughed harshly. "Gaston, Gaston," I muttered, "at thirty-two you are more a fool than ever you were at twenty."

I told myself then that my fancy had vested her tone and look with a kindliness far beyond that which they contained, and as I thought of how I had deemed impatient the little gesture wherewith she had greeted Geneviève's interruption, I laughed again.

From the reverie into which naturally enough I lapsed, it was Mademoiselle who aroused me. She stood beside me, with an unrest of manner so unusual in her that straightway I guessed the substance of her talk with Geneviève.

"So, Mademoiselle," I said, without waiting for her to speak, "you have learnt what is afoot."

"I have," she answered. "That they love each other is no news to me. That they intend to wed does not surprise me. But that they should contemplate a secret marriage passes my comprehension."

I cleared my throat as men will when about to embark upon a parlous subject with no starting-point determined.

"It is time, Mademoiselle," I began, "that you should learn the true cause of M. de Mancini's presence at Canaples. It will enlighten you touching his motives for a secret wedding. Had things fallen out as was intended by those who planned his visit, Monsieur your father and my Lord Cardinal, it is improbable that you would ever have heard that which it now becomes necessary that I should tell you. I trust, Mademoiselle," I continued, "that you will hear me in a neutral spirit, without permitting your personal feelings to enter into your consideration of that which I shall unfold."

"So long a preface augurs anything but well," she interposed, looking monstrous serious.

"Not ill at least, I hope. Hear me, then. Your father and his Eminence are friends; the one has a daughter who is said to be very wealthy, and whom he, with fond ambition, desires to see wed to a man who can give her an illustrious name; the other possesses a nephew whom he can ennoble by the highest title that a man may bear who is not a prince of the blood—and borne indeed by few who are not—and whom he desires to see contract an alliance that will bring him enough of riches to enable him to bear his title with becoming dignity."

I glanced at Mademoiselle whose cheeks were growing an ominous red.

"Well, Mademoiselle," I continued, "your father and Monseigneur de Mazarin appear to have bared their hearts' desire to each other, and M. de Mancini was sent to Canaples to woo and win your father's elder daughter."

A long pause followed, during which she stood with face aflame, averted eyes, and heaving bosom, betraying the feelings that stormed within her at the disclosure of the bargain whereof she had been a part. At length, "Oh, Monsieur!" she exclaimed in a choking voice, and clenching her shapely hands, "to think——"

"I beseech you not to think, Mademoiselle," I interrupted, calmly; for having taken the first plunge, I was now master of myself. "The ironical little god, whom the ancients painted with bandaged eyes, has led M. de Mancini by the nose in this matter, and things have gone awry for the plotters. There, Mademoiselle, you have the reason for a clandestine union. Did Monsieur your father guess how Andrea's affections have—" I caught the word "miscarried" betimes, and substituted, "gone against his wishes, his opposition is not a thing to be doubted."

"Are you sure there is no mistake?" she inquired after a pause. "Is all this really true, Monsieur?"

"It is, indeed."

"But how comes it that my father has seen naught of what has been so plain to me—that M. de Mancini was ever at my sister's side?"

"Your father, Mademoiselle, is much engrossed in his vineyard. Moreover, when the Chevalier has been at hand, Andrea has been careful to show no greater regard for the one than for the other of you. I instructed him in this duplicity many weeks ago."

She looked at me for a moment.

"Oh, Monsieur," she cried passionately, "how deep is my humiliation! To think that I was made a part of so vile a bargain! Oh, I am glad that M. de Mancini has proved above the sordid task to which they set him, glad that he will dupe the Cardinal and my father."

"So am not I, Mademoiselle," I exclaimed.

She vouchsafed me a stare of ineffable surprise.

"How?"

"I am M. de Mancini's friend," I answered. "It was to shield him that I fought your brother; again, because of my attitude towards him was it that I went perilously near assassination at Reaux. Enemies sprang up about him when the Cardinal's matrimonial projects became known. Your brother picked a quarrel with him, and when I had dealt with your brother, St. Auban appeared, and after St. Auban there were others. When it is known that he has played this trick upon Uncle Giulio, his enemies will disappear; but, on the other hand, his prospects will all be blighted, and for that I am sorry."

"So *that* was the motive of your duel with Eugène?"

"At last you learn it."

"And," she added in a curious voice, "you would have been better pleased had M. de Mancini carried out his uncle's wishes?"

"It matters little what I would think, Mademoiselle," I answered guardedly, for I could not read that curious tone of hers.

"Nevertheless I am curious to hear your answer."

What answer could I make? The truth—that for all my fine talk I was at heart and in a sense right glad that she was not to become Andrea's wife—would have seemed ungallant. Moreover, I must have added the explanation that I desired to see her no man's wife, so that I might not seem to contradict myself. Therefore, "In truth, Mademoiselle," I answered, lying glibly, "it would have given me more pleasure had Andrea chosen to obey his Eminence."

Her manner froze upon the instant.

"In the consideration of your friend's advancement," she replied, half-contemptuously, "you forget, M. de Luynes, to consider *me*. Am I, then, a thing to be bartered into the hands of the first fortune-hunter who woos me because he has been bidden so to do, and who is to marry me for political purposes? Pshaw, M. de Luynes," she added, with a scornful laugh, "after all, I was a fool to expect aught else from——"

She checked herself abruptly, and in a sudden access of mercy left the stinging "you" unuttered. I stood by, dumb and sheepish, not understanding how the words that I had deemed gallant could have brought this tempest down upon my head. Before I could say aught that might have righted matters, or perchance made them worse, "Since you leave Canaples to-morrow," quoth she, "I will say farewell, Monsieur, for it is unlikely that we shall meet again."

With a slight inclination of her head, and withholding her hand intentionally, she moved away, whilst I stood, as only a fool or a statue would stand, and watched her go.

Once she paused, and indeed half-turned, whereupon hope knocked at my heart again; but before I had admitted it, she had resumed her walk towards the house. Hungrily I watched her lissom, graceful figure with my eyes until she had crossed the threshold. Then, with a dull ache in my breast, I flung myself upon a stone seat, and addressing myself to the setting sun for want of a better audience, I roundly reviled her sex for the knottiest puzzle that ever had plagued the mind of man in unravelling.

CHAPTER XVII.

Father and Son.

"Gaston," quoth Andrea, next morning, "you will remain at Canaples until to-morrow. You must; for to-morrow I am to be wed, and I would fain have your good wishes ere you go."

"Nice hands mine to seek a benediction at," I grumbled.

"But you will remain? Come, Gaston, we have been good friends, you and I, and who knows when next we shall meet? Believe me, I shall value your 'God speed' above all others."

"Likely enough, since it will be the only one you'll hear."

But for all my sneers he was not to be put off. He talked and coaxed so winningly that in the end, albeit I am not a man easily turned from the course he has set himself, the affectionate pleading in his fresh young voice and the affectionate look in his dark eyes won me to his way.

Forthwith I went in quest of the Chevalier, whom, at the

indication of a lackey, I discovered in the room it pleased him to call his study, that same room into which we had been ushered on the day of our arrival at Canaples. I told him that on the morrow I must set out for Paris; and albeit he at first expressed a polite regret, yet when I had shown him how my honour was involved in my speedy return thither, he did not urge me to put off my departure.

"It grieves me, sir, that you must go, and I deeply regret the motive that is taking you. Yet I hope that his Eminence, in recognition of the services you have rendered his nephew, will see fit to forget what cause for resentment he may have against you, and render you your liberty. If you will give me leave, Monsieur, I will write to his Eminence in this strain, and you shall be the bearer of my letter."

I thanked him, with a smile of deprecation, as I thought of the true cause of Mazarin's resentment, which was precisely that upon the plea of which M. de Canaples sought to obtain for me my liberation.

"And now, Monsieur," he pursued nervously, "touching Andrea and his visit here, I would say a word to you, who are his friend, and may haply know something of his mind. It is over two months since he came here, and yet the—er—affair which we had hoped to bring about seems no nearer its conclusion than when first he came. Of late I have watched him, and I have watched Yvonne; they are certainly good friends, yet not even the frail barrier of formality appears overcome betwixt them, and I am beginning to fear that Andrea is not only lukewarm in this matter, but is forgetful of his uncle's wishes and selfishly indifferent to Monseigneur's projects and mine, which, as he well knows, are the reason of his sojourn at my Château. What think you of this, M. de Luynes?"

He shot a furtive glance at me as he spoke, and with his long, lean forefinger he combed his beard in a nervous fashion.

I gave a short laugh to cover my embarrassment at the question. "What do I think, Monsieur?" I echoed, to gain time. Then, thinking that a sententious answer would be the most fitting. "Love is as the spark that lies latent in flint and steel. For days and weeks these two may be as close together as you please, and naught will come of it; but one fine day a hand—the hand of chance—will strike the one against the other, and lo! the spark is born."

"You speak in parables, Monsieur," was his caustic comment.

"'Tis in parables that all religions are preached," I returned, "and love, methinks, is a great religion in this world."

"Love, sir, love!" he cried petulantly. "The word makes me sick. What has love to do with this union? Love, sir, is a pretty theme for poets, romancers, and fools. The imagination of such a sentiment—for it is a sentiment that does not live save in the imagination—may serve to draw peasants and other low-bred clods into wedlock. With such as we—with gentlemen—it has naught to do. So let that be, Monsieur. Andrea de Mancini came hither to wed my daughter."

"And I am certain, Monsieur," I answered stoutly, "that Andrea *will* wed your daughter."

"You speak with confidence."

"I know Andrea well. Signs that may be hidden to you are clear to me, and I have faith in my prophecy."

He looked at me and fell a victim to my confidence of manner. The petulancy died out of his face.

"Well, well! We will hope. My lord Cardinal is to create him duke, and he will assume as title his wife's estate, becoming known to history as Andrea de Mancini, Duke de Canaples. Thus shall a great house be founded that will bear our name. You see the importance of it?"

"Clearly."

"And how reasonable is my anxiety?"

"Assuredly."

"And you are in sympathy with me?"

"Doesn't it appear so? Why else did I go so near to killing your son?"

"True," he mused; then suddenly he added, "by the way, have you heard that Eugène has become one of the leaders of these *frondeur* madmen?"

"Ah! Then he is quite recovered?"

"Unfortunately!" he assented, with a grimace, and thus our interview ended.

That day wore slowly to its close. I wandered hither and thither in the château and the grounds, hungering throughout the long hours for a word with Mademoiselle—a glimpse of her, at least.

But all day long she kept her chamber, the pretext being that

"Are you sure there is no mistake?" she inquired after a pause.

she was suffering from indisposition. By accident I came upon her that evening, at last, in the *salon*, yet my advent was the signal for her departure, and all the words she had for me were, "Still at Canaples, Monsieur? I thought you were to have left this morning." She looked paler than her wont, and her eyes were somewhat red.

"I am remaining until to-morrow," said I awkwardly.

"Indeed!" was all she answered, and she was gone.

Next morning the Chevalier and I breakfasted alone. Mademoiselle's indisposition was worse. Geneviève was nursing, so her maid brought word, whilst Andrea had gone out an hour before and was not returned.

The Chevalier shot me an apologetic glance across the board.

"'Tis a poor 'God speed' to you, M. de Luynes."

I made light of it, and turned the conversation into an indifferent channel, wherein it abided until, filling himself a bumper of Anjou, the Chevalier solemnly drank to my safe journey and good fortune in Paris.

At the moment Andrea entered by the door abutting on to the terrace balcony. He was flushed, and his eyes sparkled with a joyous fever. Profuse was he in his apologies, which, howbeit, were passing vague in character, and which he brought to a close by pledging me as the Chevalier had done already.

As we rose, Geneviève appeared with the news that Yvonne was somewhat better, adding that she had come to take leave of me. Her composure surprised me gladly; for albeit in her eyes there was also a tell-tale light, her lids, demurely downcast as was her wont, amply screened it from the vulgar gaze.

Andrea would tell his father-in-law of the marriage later in the day; and for all that I am not a chicken-hearted man, still I had no stomach to be at hand when the storm exploded.

The moment having come for my departure, and Michelot awaiting me already with the horses in the courtyard, M. de Canaples left us to seek the letter which I was to carry to his Eminence. So soon as the door had closed upon him, Andrea came forward, leading his bride by the hand, and asked me to wish them happiness.

"With all my heart," I answered; "and if happiness be accorded you in a measure with the fervency of my wishes then shall you indeed be happy. Each of you I congratulate upon the companion in life you have chosen. Cherish him, Mademoi—Madame, for he is loyal and true, and such are rare in this world."

It is possible that I might have said more in this benign and fatherly strain, for it seemed to me that this new *rôle* I had assumed suited me wondrous well, but a shadow that drew our eyes towards the nearest window interrupted me. And what we saw there drew a cry from Andrea, a shudder from Geneviève, and from me a gasp that was half-amazement, half-dismay. For leaning upon the sill, surveying us with a sardonic, evil grin, we beheld Eugène de Canaples, the man whom I had left with a sword thrust through his middle, behind the Hôtel Vendôme two months ago. Whence was he sprung, and why came he thus to his father's house?

He started as I faced him, for doubtless St. Auban had boasted to him that he had killed me in a duel. For a moment he remained at the window, then he disappeared, and we could hear the ring of his spurred heel as he walked along the balcony towards the door.

And simultaneously came the quick, hurrying steps of the Chevalier de Canaples as he crossed the hall, returning with the letter he had gone to fetch.

Geneviève shuddered again, and looked fearfully from one door to the other; Andrea drew a sharp breath like a man in pain, whilst I rapped out an oath to brace my nerves for the scene which we all three foresaw. Then in silence we waited, some subtle instinct warning us of the disaster that impended.

The steps on the balcony halted, and a second later those in the hall; and then, as though the thing had been rehearsed and timed so that the spectators might derive the utmost effect from it, the doors opened together, and on the opposing thresholds, with the width of the room betwixt them, stood father and son confronted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Of How I Left Canaples.

Whilst a man might perchance count a dozen did those two remain motionless, the one eyeing the other. But their bearing was as widely different as their figures; Eugène's stalwart frame stood firm and erect, insolence in every line of it, reflected perchance from the smile that lurked about the corners of his thin-lipped mouth.

The hat, which he had not had the grace to doff, set jauntily upon his straight black hair; the jerkin of leather which he wore, and the stout sword which hung from the plainest of belts, all served to give him the air of a ruffler or tavern knight.

The Chevalier, on the other hand, stood as if turned to stone. From his enervated fingers the letter fluttered to the ground, and in his pale, thin face was to be read a displeasure mixed with fear.

At length, with an oath, the old man broke the silence.

"What seek you at Canaples?" he asked in a quivering voice, as he advanced into the room. "Are you so dead to shame that you dare present yourself with such effrontery? Off with your hat, sir," he blazed, stamping his foot, and going from pale to crimson. "Off with your hat, or by Heaven, I'll have you flung out of doors by my grooms."

This show of vehemence, as sudden as it was unexpected, drew from Eugène a meek obedience that I had not looked for. Nevertheless, the young man's lip curled as he uncovered.

"How fatherly is your greeting," he sneered.

The Chevalier's eyes flashed a glance that lacked no venom at his son.

"What manner of greeting did you look for?" he returned hotly. "Did you expect me to set a ring upon your finger and have the fattest calf killed in honour of your return? Good Heavens, sir! Have you come hither to show me how a father should welcome the profligate son who has dishonoured his name? Why are you here, unbidden? Answer me, sir."

A deep flush overspread Eugène's cheeks.

"I had thought when I crossed the threshold this was the Château de Canaples, or else that my name was Canaples, I know not which. Clearly I was mistaken, for here is a lady who has no word either of greeting or intercession for me, and who therefore cannot be my sister, and yonder a man whom I should never look to find in my father's house."

I took a step forward, a hot answer on my lips, when from the doorway at my back came Yvonne's sweet voice, "Eugène! You here?"

"As you see, sister. Though had you delayed your coming, 'tis probable you would no longer have found me; for your father welcomes me with oaths and threatens me with his grooms."

She cast a reproachful glance upon the Chevalier, 'neath which the anger seemed to die out of him; then she went forward with hands outstretched and a sad smile upon her lips.

"Yvonne!" The Chevalier's voice rang out sharp and sudden. "I forbid you approach that man!"

For a moment she appeared to hesitate, then leisurely pursuing her way, she set her hands upon her brother's shoulders and embraced him.

The Chevalier swore through set teeth, Geneviève trembled, Andrea looked askance, and I laughed softly at the Chevalier's discomfiture. Eugène flung his hat and cloak in a corner, and strode across the room to where his father stood.

"And now, Monsieur, since I have travelled all the way from Paris to save my house from a step that will bring it into the contempt of all France, I shall not go until you have heard me."

The Chevalier shrugged his shoulders, and made as if to turn away. Yvonne's greeting of her brother appeared to have quenched the spark of spirit that for a moment had glimmered in the little man's breast.

"Monsieur," cried Eugène, "believe me that what I have to say is of the utmost importance, and say it I will, whether before these strangers or in your private car shall be as you elect."

The old man glanced about him like one who seeks a way of escape. At last—"If say it you must," he growled, "say it here and now. And when you have said it, go."

Eugène scowled at me, and from me to Andrea. To pay him for that scowl I had it in my mind to stay; but overcoming the clownish thought I took Andrea by the arm.

"Come, Andrea," I said, "we will take a turn outside while these family matters are in discussion."

I had a shrewd idea what was the substance of Eugène's mission to Canaples—to expostulate with his father touching the proposed marriage of Yvonne to the Cardinal's nephew.

Nor was I wrong; for when, some moments later, the Chevalier recalled us from the terrace, where we were strolling, "What think you he has come hither to tell me?" he inquired as we entered. He pointed to his son as he spoke, and passion shook his slender frame as the breeze shakes a leaf. Mademoiselle and Geneviève sat hand in hand, Yvonne deadly pale, Geneviève weeping.

"What think you he has the effrontery to say? It seems that he has profited little by the lesson you read him in the horse-market about meddling in matters which concern him not. He has come hither to tell me that *he* will not permit his sister to wed the Cardinal's nephew; that *he* will not have the estates of Canaples pass into the hands of a foreign upstart. *He* forsooth—*he! he! he!*" And at each utterance of the pronoun he lunged with his forefinger in the direction of his son. "This is he not ashamed to utter before Yvonne herself."

"You compelled me to do so," cried Eugène angrily.

"I?" ejaculated the Chevalier. "Did I compel you to come hither with your 'I will' and 'I will not'? Who are you that you should give laws at Canaples? And he adds, sir," quoth the old knight excitedly, "that sooner than allow this marriage to take place he will kill M. de Mancini."

"I shall be happy to afford him the opportunity!" shouted Andrea, bounding forward.

Eugène looked up quickly and gave a short laugh. Thereupon followed a wild hubbub; everyone rushed forward and everyone talked, even little Geneviève—louder than all the rest.

"You shall not fight! You shall not fight!" she cried, and her voice was so laden with command that all others grew silent, and all eyes we returned upon her.

"What affair is this of yours, little one?" quoth Eugene.

"'Tis this," she answered panting, "that you need fear no marriage 'twixt my sister and Andrea."

In her eagerness she had cast caution to the winds of Heaven. Her father and brother stared askance at her; I gave an inward groan.

"Andrea!" echoed Eugène at last. "What is this man to you that you speak thus of him?"

The girl flung herself upon her father's breast.

"Father," she sobbed, "dear father, forgive!"

The Chevalier's brow grew dark; roughly he seized her by the arms, and, holding her at arms' length, scanned her face.

"What must I forgive?" he inquired in a thick voice. "What is M. de Mancini to you?"

Some sinister note in her father's voice caused the girl to grow of a sudden calm and to assume a rigidity that reminded me of her sister.

"He is my husband," she answered, and there was a note of pride, almost of triumph, in her voice.

An awful silence followed the launching of that thunderbolt. Eugène stood with open mouth, staring now at Geneviève, now at his father. Andrea set his arm about his bride's waist, and her fair head was laid trustingly upon his shoulder. The Chevalier's eyes rolled ominously. At length he spoke in a dangerously calm voice.

"How long is it—how long have you been wed?"

"Out of my house—you and this wife of yours."

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"We were wed in Blois an hour ago," answered Geneviève.

Something that was like a grunt escaped the Chevalier, then his eye fastened upon me, and his anger boiled up.

"You knew of this?" he asked, coming towards me.

"I knew of it."

"Then you lied to me yesterday."

I drew myself up, stiff as a broomstick.

"I do not understand," I answered coldly.

"Did you not give me your assurance that M. de Mancini would marry Yvonne?"

"I did not, Monsieur. I did but tell you that he would wed *your daughter*. And by Heaven, your daughter he has wed."

"You have fooled me, you knave!" he blazed forth. "You, who have been sheltered by——"

"Father!" Yvonne interrupted, taking his arm, "M. de Luynes has behaved no worse than have I, or any one of us in this matter."

"No!" he cried, and pointed to Andrea. "'Tis you who have wrought this infamy. Eugène," he exclaimed, turning of a sudden to his son, "you have a sword; wipe out this shame."

"Shame!" echoed Geneviève. "Oh, father, where is the shame? If it were no shame for Andrea to marry Yvonne, surely——"

"Silence!" he thundered. "Eugène!"

But Eugène answered him with a contemptuous laugh. "You are quick enough to call upon my sword now that things have not fallen out as you would have them. Where are your grooms now, Monsieur?"

"Insolent hound!" cried his father indignantly. Then, letting fall his arms with something that was near akin to a sob, "Is there no one left to do aught but mock me?" he groaned.

But this weakness was no more than momentary. "Out of my house, sir!" he blazed, turning upon Andrea, and for a moment methought he would have struck him. "Out of my house—you and this wife of yours."

"Father!" sobbed Geneviève, with hands outstretched in intreaty.

"Out of my house," he repeated, "and you, also, Master de Luynes. Away with you! Go with the master you have served so well." And turning on his heel, he strode towards the door.

"Father—dear father!" cried Geneviève, following him, He slammed the door in her face for answer.

With a moan she sank down upon her knees, her frail body shaken by convulsive sobs. Oh, Heaven! What a bridal morn was hers.

Andrea and Yvonne raised her and led her to a chair. Eugène watched them with a cynical eye, then laughed brutally, and gathering up his hat and cloak, he moved towards the balcony door and vanished.

"Is M. de Luynes still there?" quoth Geneviève presently.

"I am here, Mademoiselle."

"You had best set out, Monsieur," she said. "We shall follow soon—very soon."

I took Andrea aside and asked him whither it was his intention to take his wife. He replied that they would go to Chambord, where they would remain for some weeks in the hope that the Chevalier might relent sufficiently to forgive them. Thereafter it was his purpose to take his wife home to his Sicilian demesne.

Our farewells were soon spoken, yet none the less warm for all its brevity was my leave-taking of Andrea, and our wishes for each other's happiness were as fervent as the human heart can shape. We little thought that we were not destined to meet again for years.

Yvonne's farewell was cold and formal—so cold and formal that it seemed to rob the sunshine of its glory for me as I stepped out into the open air.

After all, what mattered it? I was a fool to have entertained a single tender thought concerning her.

(To be continued.)

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The Man who Hated Children.

Be pleased to consider how small are the beginnings of things—big things. When he was yet a very young fellow, say seventeen or eighteen, and spending a sweltering August at a seaside resort, Stamford made the remark that little children bored him and that he hated them. This was more or less true, for a boy of eighteen hasn't the moral right to hate anybody, especially children. Young Stamford had made the remark for the sake of effect. Some girls were about and he wanted to astonish them.

Stamford didn't hate children at all; quite the contrary, as events proved. But once having made the remark, he had to live up to it. So he went about that resort saying, "I hate children, I hate children!" till he made people believe him, and ended by believing it himself. A lie never seems so true as when it has been crystallised into words.

Stamford had very arbitrarily chosen his hatred of children as his fad, and he wore this nasty fad conspicuously, as some African tribesman might wear a hideous ornament, until it grows into his flesh and becomes almost a part of him. Stamford's "pet aversion" became almost—I say almost—a part of him, and he nursed it and fostered it until it developed hugely, so that he actually believed that he could not stay in the same room with an active, noisy little child, boy or girl.

"I can't help it," he would say. "It's an instinct, like some people's aversion to cats. Let 'em be old enough to take care of themselves, and I don't mind; but a nasty, mewling, salmon-pink baby, all head and red dough— B-r-r!" Thus Stamford, with a shudder of horror that he believed was genuine. And all the while, way down in his heart of hearts he was a kindly, lovable fellow, with no more dislike for babies than you or I or the rest of us.

Three years after he was married his first baby was born—a girl.

Stamford loved his wife—no man better. They two had a delicious little house right out in the country. It was far enough removed from the end of the world of the nearest town, to be near enough to Heaven for all practical purposes, and for three years Stamford lived out the dearest period of his life there, wallowing in happiness, as one might say, fairly miring himself in the pure delight of being alive—and married, married to Mrs. Stamford. For she was a dear, beautiful girl, and the pair loved each other better than most people.

When the little girl was born Stamford said to me, across his smoking-table (we were in the billiard-room and the wheels of the doctor's trap were just grating off down the road), Stamford said, or rather whispered, because Mrs. Stamford's room was just above:

"I can't help it, Sturgis, it's an instinct. I suppose I was born with an aversion to children (he really believed he was honest), and I'll die with it. I'm that baby's father, but till it gets old I shall hate it. I know I shall. I don't want to see it"—he made a squiriming movement with one shoulder—"I'd rather have a blind kitten crammed down my back than have the touch of that child on me. You can't understand that, can you?"

"No, I can't," says I, "and I think you are a horrible unfeeling brute, that should be well kicked—you wretch."

"That is all quite true," he answered, "I am worse than a brute, for even a brute cares for its whelps; but give me time. When she grows up I suppose I shall like her."

"Suppose you shall like your daughter? Now that sounds fine. Where's my hat?"

"Going?"

"Sorry I came!"

"Well, you know how it is," said he at the door. "It's an unreasoned instinct. I can't help it. I hate children, and all's said. Think of feeling it clawing at your nose and ears. It gives me shudders to think of it!"

Here I couldn't stand him any longer so went away. If you know anything of men's friendships, you will have understood from the preceding conversation that Stamford and I were the best chums in the world. That is why, five years later, when I came back to the place again I went straight to Stamford's house. I had heard a good deal about him during those intervening five years and was prepared for changes. But even at that, the difference was poignant. The little house stood buried in weeds, the gate was gone and the small panes of the windows smashed.

Stamford opened the door for me. Evidently he had not shaved that week. He was in his stocking feet. His eyes looked at me out of saucers of brown skin. The place reeked of stale tobacco smoke, and it did not need the sight of the unmade bed nor the cigar stumps in the card tray to tell me that Stamford was living there alone.

Towards two o'clock that night, over his tenth brandy-and-water and his last cigar, Stamford told me the tale of the things that had happened.

"It began all of a sudden on one day," said he, his hands on his chin, glowering into the fire grate. "'Jack' (that was Mrs. Stamford) had been up about a week. I hadn't so much as seen Emmie yet, and Jack and I had almost quarrelled about her. Jack had begged me just to look into the room while she was asleep, but I couldn't—I mean that I wouldn't do it. One Sunday afternoon when Emmie was about three weeks old, I was stretched out on the sofa here sort of half-asleep, when Jack came up to me very softly, and before I knew it put Emmie into my arms.

"'Joe,' she says, 'look at her now, your little daughter, how can you help loving her—' She was going to say something else, but she never got further than that. Emmie snuggled down into my neck and put her little fists into my face. I jumped up and pushed her, almost threw her, from me, recoiling as though a snake had touched me.

"'Take it away,' I cried. 'For Heaven's sake take it away, I hate it and loathe it, and I always will hate it!'

"Jack was only a week out of bed. I don't need to tell you how delicately poised a woman is at such a time as that, how tangled and jagged her nerves are. The doctors have got names for it all. She heard what I said, and saw me thrusting my little daughter away from me. Then she looked at me once in—I say she gave me—she—you see"—Stamford cleared his throat—"she gave a little sigh, and went down softly into a little heap on the floor.

"She was in the hospital about a month, and for a time we thought she would never be right in the head again. I wasn't allowed to see her, and her folks took Emmie. After a month's time, though, the doctors brought her round all right; said she had pulled through sound as a nut, and that I might see her. She knew I was coming. They had her propped up in a big deck-chair by a window. I had sent her a lot of flowers and she wore some of them.

"When I came into the room I saw her leaning back there in the deck-chair. She looked up at me and smiled, happy as could be to see me. Then all at once her expression changed to one of the most abject horror and revulsion. She put up her hands to shut out the sight of me, and cried out, 'No, no, I can't. Take him away, oh, somebody take him away!' It was no use reasoning with her, she got hysterical, screamed and fought from me as though I were a leper or a murderer. I had to go, and as soon as I was gone she was quiet again. Couldn't understand herself how it had happened.

"The doctors said I could come the next day, and as soon as Jack heard my foot on the stairs she fainted with the pure horror of the thought of seeing me. She had forgiven me my brutality with Emmie, loved me as much as ever, mark you, longed to see me as much as I onged to see her, and yet went mad with loathing as soon as I came near. This was the one point of insanity of which the doctors could not cure her. They have never been able to cure her. We have tried everything. She can't even see my handwriting without that horrible revulsion seizing upon her. But she can write to me and she does, and that's how I know she is suffering as much as I.

"How much we two have gone through, Heaven only knows. Can you imagine the horror of the situation? We are as dear to each other as ever—more so," he cried, digging his nails into his temples, "more so. We are here, here in the same place, where I can see her every day, and yet we are worlds apart. It's a death in life, a death in life," and he rocked himself to and fro in his place. "Every Sunday we have arranged that she shall go to church. She tells me where she sits, and I go up in the gallery and peep at her from behind pillars. Even that is bad for her, but she can stand it for an hour once a week. Once she caught sight of me and——" He broke off suddenly and closed his eyes.

"And Emmie?" said I.

"Emmie will be eight to-morrow. Here's a lot of pictures that Jack has sent me from time to time. Isn't she the finest little girl you ever saw, and bright, bright as a new pin."

"How about her?" I asked him. "You manage to see her when her mother's not by, I suppose."

I saw the knuckles of Stamford's fist whiten suddenly.

"Emmie is—is like—Emmie takes after her mother. By the way, you have some little nieces, haven't you? What do you give 'em on Christmas, and—and on their birthdays and such like? Emmie's eight to-morrow. Books wouldn't do, would they, eh? Is she too old for toys—or too young? Here's what I got her. I thought I'd take the chances on toys."

He turned to the table and undid a few packages.

"There's a little doll," he said, "and you see," he added proudly, "she closes her eyes when you lay her down, and there's a doll's house; aren't those little chairs and tables sweet? I fancy Emmie will like those all right. I can just see her eyes stick out when she undoes the package. I think I'll get a big doll house like that for my kindergarten—I've started a kind of a kindergarten in the town that you must see. And here, look at this. Here's another thing I am going to send to Emmie. Catch hold of this. Here's a little pump, and, by Jove, you can pump real water in it, see," and he showed me how it worked. "I wonder if Emmie will know that you can pump 'truly' water with it? Tell you what, you write it on a card and put it in, will you?"

"Why not you?"

"Well—you see, they might recognise my handwriting."

"Shan't I say," said I, pen in hand, "that it all comes from you, with many happy birthdays?"

"Not that, above all things," said Stamford. "I can't forget all that's happened."

* * * * *

Ten years passed before I again visited Stamford, and then what a change I found. The house no longer bore a deserted look, but was in good repair; the garden, too, had been put into decent order.

I was thus prepared for a change in Stamford himself, and was not disappointed, his appearance being smart and well cared-for as it had been in the old days.

The house inside evidenced the presence of a feminine hand, and at luncheon a pretty girl of about eighteen occupied a seat at one end of the table; Stamford introduced her to me as his daughter.

When we were having a chat over our cigars in his den Stamford told me that not long after my previous visit his wife had died and with her last words had intrusted little Emmie to his care. She did not take to him at all at first, but after a time they became great friends, and since then had become inseparable companions, despite the great disparity in age.

"I don't hate children now," were his last words, as I left him.

Frank Norris.

IT IS ALWAYS INTERESTING

to know other people's opinion of yourself, especially when that opinion is absolutely unbiassed.

If you want to know what sort of a person you are, If you want to know

WHETHER YOU ARE GENEROUS OR MEAN,

WHETHER YOU ARE INDUSTRIOUS OR LAZY,

WHETHER YOU ARE CARELESS OR CAREFUL,

WHETHER YOU ARE COLD OR LOVABLE,

WHETHER YOU ARE NICE OR OTHERWISE,

Send a specimen of your handwriting to

RANEB, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.,

Inclosing six penny stamps and a stamped addressed envelope.

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GIGANTIC

NAME HUNTING COMPETITION.

Members of Parliament.

1st Prize: £25.

2nd Prize: A Magnificent Parlour Billiard Table.*

3rd Prize: £3.

One Sovereign will be given to every Competitor, no matter how many errors may be made, who is one of those whose attempts form the greatest number sent in from any one place (in proportion to the population).

Each separate competitor will count as one—not each set of coupons. Therefore, induce your friends to enter for the competition. If you get a few friends to do so, and they in turn each induce a few friends, the number will soon mount up, and *each* will get a golden sovereign, no matter how many.

Don't wait any longer before you ask your friends. Tell them about it *at once*.

** The Billiard Table is made by J. R. Mally and Co., 15 Goswell Road, E.C., and will go into a furnished room 13ft. square. It has a slate bed, and will stand on any dining-table. The cues, balls, marking-board and spirit level are included.*

On the opposite column will be found thirty sets of words, each set describing the name of a gentleman who was a Member of Parliament at the end of 1901.

Write down in the spaces provided the names of all those members you can discover. If you can't find all, put down as many as you can.

Where the initial of the Christian name is indicated it must be given.

Note These Facts. . .

1. Names must be written in ink.
2. Only one name is allowed against each set of words.
3. When you have filled up your list, get the number of *Pearson's Weekly* published on Friday, January 31st, and fill up the last coupon which it contains.
4. You may send in as many sets of lists as you like, but each set will be accepted independently, and must be pinned together.
5. In the event of the prize being divided, only one share will go to each successful competitor, no matter how many duplicate attempts he may send in.

The first prize of £25 will be given to the reader from whom we receive the greatest number of correct solutions. The second prize will be given to the sender of the next most nearly correct solutions, and so on. In the event of a tie, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor, whose decision is final. The prizes are all offered by *Pearson's Weekly*.

Cut to edge →

Example: An Edict of the Pope		Bull.
1. Sixpence	1	
2. Moving air; cured pork	2	
3. Capital of Wiltshire	3	
4. Native of Scotland	4	
5. Happy pebble	5	
6. Male fowls	6	
7. Place of worship; raised ground	7	
8. All soaked bread	8	
9. Room; country thoroughfare	9	
10. Channel worn by water	10	
11. Not old	11	
12. Poison	12	
13. Grows on the Head	13	
14. Force	14	
15. Vessel with two masts, square rigged	15	
16. Unclothed	16	
17. Armour for the head	17	
18. Rod; not high	18	
19. To agitate by heat	19	
20. Valiant	20	
21. To murder	21	
22. Chief; Valley	22	
23. Hairless gain	23	
24. A reed stem	24	
25. Found in a church steeple	25	
26. Equally divided into partitions	26	
27. Store	27	
28. Pilgrim to the Holy Land	28	
29. Imprisonment	29	
30. Worth	30	

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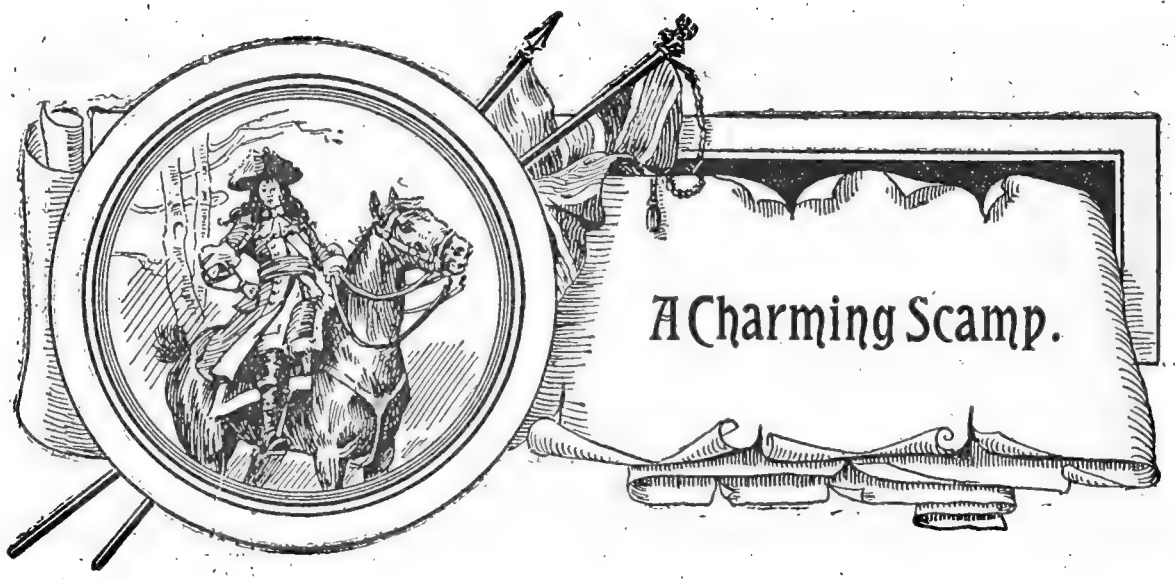

A Charming Scamp.

Lilith Drew was out of sorts—her maid said out of temper; and judging by the red eyes of the latter, and her limp appearance generally, it might be supposed she had good reason for the supposition. And yet it was difficult to gather what could have ruffled her young mistress; of all persons in the world, old Drew's only daughter, one would think, had little of which to complain—money, and all that money buys, an adoring father, an obedient mother, coupled with youth and a fair share of good looks, what could the girl want besides?

This day, at all events, she should have been all smiles. It was her birthday, and the dainty morning room hung with her favourite shade of pale pink silk, was littered with a profusion of dainty gifts, costly trifles, flowers, jewellery, bonbons, all the thousand and one expensive fripperies dear to the feminine heart.

"Why, Lilith," exclaimed her cousin Marion, "I don't think you've ever had so many presents. What a lucky girl you are!"

"You can have them all so far as I'm concerned. I don't care a rap for any of them."

"Not even for this, Lil?" holding up a costly bracelet from its nest of pale blue velvet.

"For that least of all. He has no business to send me such a thing. He has no right! The idea of a mere acquaintance sending me a present of the kind. Give it me, Marion, I'll send it back at once."

"At least wait until you've spoken to auntie, Lilith. You really can't call Harold Vincent 'a mere acquaintance,' and it would be an insult in any case to send it back. After all, the poor man's only crime is that he cares too much for you."

"Yes, that is it—he cares too much—others too little."

Marion's fair face clouded. She was devoted to her wilful cousin, and had power to soothe the sudden gusts of passion which came over the girl when no one else was able to control or comfort her. But this was a new phase, and she was puzzled.

"Dearest," she said gently, "you are keeping something back from me. What can trouble you, Lilith—on your birthday?"

"My birthday!" said the girl scornfully. "To think that I have waited months and months for to-day only to be disappointed. I was so certain I should be happy this morning, and now—now I am so miserable that I could cry my heart out. Can't you see that I am suffering—wretched? Oh, Marion, Marion, say something kind to me, say something——" The girl's voice died away into a passionate sob.

"Is it Elliot Raeburn?" asked Marion, in a half-fearful tone of voice.

The slight figure, prone upon a heap of silken cushions, stirred uneasily.

"Yes."

"But, Lilith, I thought——"

"I don't mind what you thought, or anything else, Marion. All that I care about is this—I love him, and I thought he cared for me. And now—now I awake to find I have been fooled. That what to me was all too real, was but to him a pastime.

"When we first came back to town," she went on more quietly, "after the summer that we spent in Wales — that never-to-be-forgotten summer when I met him — he used to write regularly. Indeed, up till within six months ago I had a letter nearly every morning. And then the letters stopped quite suddenly, and in my foolish pride I did not write to ask the reason. And so I have eaten out my heart waiting for this, my birthday; hoping, longing, praying for one word from him. And none has come.

"He is so proud," she added, in answer to the unspoken protest on her cousin's face. "I used to beg him to see my father and explain that we were engaged,

but he said he would not till he'd made a name. 'Some day, sweetheart, I vow I will be famous, and then we will be happy ever after!' Those were his words, Marion, and I believed him."

"'Tis possible he may be coming to see you!" suggested Marion weakly, not with the faintest belief in the probability of such a thing, but with the desire of turning Lilith's thoughts. "Anyway, you ought to be prepared; besides, you'll have all sorts of questions asked if you mope about all day dissolved in tears."

But Lilith needed no further spur. The hope, the glimmer of a hope that she might see him was enough, and later no one would have recognised in the bright girl who, side by side with Harold Vincent, cantered gaily down the Row—no one, I say, could possibly have recognised in her the despairing creature who, but an hour ago, had sobbed her heart out on her cousin's shoulder.

By the evening all traces of her grief had vanished, and she was radiant in her gown of soft white satin ready for the ball.

"I won't let myself care," she told Marion, with a laugh that somehow ended in a sob. "I'll flirt, let Harry Vane make love to me, and drive Vincent mad with jealousy. You'd think that I was worth remembering, wouldn't you?" she asked, standing in front of a tall mirror, which surely had never held the likeness of a fairer woman.

Tall and slight, with wavy, dark-brown hair and eyes of the same soft hue, she seemed to Harold Vincent the spirit of loveliness, and as she moved towards him in the ball-room, the colour coming and going on her rounded cheeks, he caught his breath and vowed that life was worth nothing without her love.

Marion, watching her cousin from the friendly shelter of a palm, whither her own lover, Sydney Rowth, Vincent's greatest friend, had taken her, thought she had never seen so beautiful a face.

"I wish Lilith cared for Harold Vincent!" she thought regretfully. "It seems such a folly for her to dream of marrying Elliot Raeburn." And then she sighed at the remembrance of her cousin's grief, until Sydney gazed at her in wonder.

"I don't think you have been listening to me, Marion," he said stiffly. "I've been telling you all about the post I have been offered at St. Petersburg."

But Marion had risen to her feet and, all unmindful of her sweetheart's gravely disappointed air, had hastened to her cousin's side.

"What is it dear?" she asked fearfully, at sight of her agitated face.

For answer Lilith handed her a note, and obeying the intreaty in those soft brown eyes, Marion hurried with her from the room.

"It is from him," she whispered; "and he wants me, prays me, to meet him, if but for a moment in the square."

As she spoke she hastily put on a long dark cloak and fastened a piece of lace about her pretty head.

"You can't go, Lil! Are you mad, to dream of such a thing?"

"I tell you," answered the girl, "that nothing shall stop me. I *must* go. Even now," she added tearfully, "it may be too late. He must have been waiting hours before I got the note."

Argument was useless. All Marion could do was to go with her cousin, and if possible cut short the interview. She had never been much impressed with Elliot Raeburn. His was too complex, too sensitive a nature for the somewhat Puritanical little maiden to understand. But the very qualities that Marion most distrusted appealed irresistibly to Lilith, and, as she had said, if he desired her, nothing would keep her from his side.

Lil was downstairs, and had reached the door which opened from the garden, at the back of the house, into the square before Marion had collected her somewhat scattered faculties sufficiently to follow her. And when at last she overtook Lilith it was to find her clinging tightly to her lover, Elliot Raeburn.

Something in his face choked back the indignation that poor Marion felt, and though she despised herself for the sensation, she was even constrained to feelings of pity, shallow, worthless, as she deemed him. He looked so pale, so worn, so—so shabby in the moonlight, and yet with it all there was a nameless charm about him, a subtle fascination, which Marion acknowledged, even when she found expression for her wrath, in the title which she privately bestowed on him of "a charming scamp!"

The younger son of a younger son, he had run through his slender patrimony and, save for a tumble-down old place in Wales, had nothing left to call his own—except his genius.

"And that," reflected Marion sagely, "is worse than useless without work."

"And why did you never write? Did you cease to care for me, Elliot?"

Marion moved into the shade, and hated Elliot once again for the fascination that he held for Lilith.

"I can never cease to care, my darling! I can never cease to love you. My love is as unalterable as fate. It is part of myself, and can only end with life. But for you it is different; you are so fair, so sweet. What right have I to cast a shade over your bright young life?"

"And I," said Lilith, "can only give you your own words in answer: 'My love for you is unalterable as fate!' But, tell me, dear, why have you not written for so long?"

He was silent for a while, and the moonlight showed the tightening of his lips.

"It's a sorry tale, Lil," he whispered. "I was determined when we parted on that summer day two years ago to do my utmost to make a name—position—in the world. For a while I worked hard, and my pictures sold well, and then—I got discouraged; waiting was weary work, and I drifted into gambling, betting, until I woke one day to find myself without a sou."

"Why did you not write to me? Why——"

"Dear heart!" he whispered fondly: "how could I tell you such a tale of failure and of folly? After a bit I pulled myself together and did fairly well, and now, now I am going to Italy to try once more—perhaps to fail!"

"No, not to fail, for my sake, for the sake of the love I bore you."

And then she whispered her belief in him; how nothing could or should shake her confidence and faith.

"Whatever happens, dear," she said, and no words can paint the tenderness with which she spoke; "whatever happens remember that I love you now and always."

"Now and always," he repeated, and their lips clung in a long passionate kiss.

Marion felt half-guilty that she had to break the spell, and crept unwillingly to Lilith's side.

"You must come now, dear," she whispered. "Say 'good-bye' and get it over."

"For how long, Elliot?" cried his sweetheart. "For how long?"

And no one—even Marion never knew—the pang she suffered when he answered with a sigh:

"At least five years."

It seemed an eternity to two-and-twenty year old Lilith, but she turned a brave face to her lover and quietly followed Marion to the gate.

Then a thought seemed to strike her.

"Go quickly and fetch my portrait off the table, will you, Marion? You know the one I mean—the miniature in the morocco case. I'll go back and ask Elliot to meet me at the corner." And, like a flash, Lilith disappeared.

Marion was flurried, vexed with herself for countenancing Lilith's indiscretion, annoyed with Lilith, more than all, angered with Elliot. Agitated and fearful, she hurried up the stairs and fumbled in the semi-darkness of the room till she found the case required, then once more she fluttered down and waited for her cousin.

"I have found it, Lil," she said. "Promise me to go at once into the ball-room and I'll take it."

With a smile the beauty promised, pausing until Marion had closed the door.

Elliot was standing by a gas-lamp, and Marion's heart beat apprehensively as she approached him.

"Here," she said breathlessly, glancing over her shoulder; "please take it quickly."

A hand grasped the case, also her own slight palm. Marion turned indignantly and tried to free herself, but as she faced the man who held her, her anger faded to a dull, cold fear, and her voice dropped into a moan.

For the figure who stood there in the lamplight, with a white set face and flashing eyes, was Sydney Rowth—her lover.

In a dull sort of way she followed the direction of his gaze; it rested on the case she held. Marion drew nearer; for a moment she fancied she must be dreaming, dazed, and then the truth, the cruel truth, broke upon her.

She had thought to meet Elliot Raeburn with her cousin's portrait, and instead, she'd met her lover—and brought Lilith's diamond bracelet, Vincent's birthday gift!

"I shall of course inform Vincent"—could it be Sydney who was speaking in those cruel, relentless tones?—"it is only due to your cousin to do so. Otherwise this evening's proceedings will not be mentioned—by me, at all events. Of course you will understand everything is at an end between us."

If he had struck her she felt she could have borne it better.

"I may mention," he went on, "that I saw your meeting this evening in the square, and waited here with the intention of settling with—with the man you met—whom you doubtless intended to present with your cousin's diamonds."

Not a suggestion that she might have an explanation to offer, an excuse to make. No, all was over. She had been seen and, therefore, was condemned.

She followed Sydney into the house and waited while he fetched Vincent to the library. She never dreamt of giving up her cousin's secret—Marion was loyal and true as steel—and stood, a forlorn and pitiful little figure, by the window. Only when it was over and he had gone did she turn with streaming eyes and outstretched hands towards the door:

"My heart is broken!" she sobbed; "my heart is broken!" and staggering, fell.

And Vincent, as he lifted the slight form from the ground, felt that, in spite of all appearances, somehow she was not guilty.

And through the night his brain was haunted by the memory of that fair, soft face, that low, despairing cry: "My heart is broken!"

* * * * *

Lilith Drew had always been something of a puzzle to her friends, and was generally spoken of in Society as capricious, to say the least of it. But when, after six seasons, the wilful beauty still remained single, and persistently refused one brilliant offer after another, she was regarded as a most profound enigma, and as much by her own people as mere acquaintances.

Vincent had long given up his quest as hopeless, and had gone abroad, presumably to forget his heartache. As for Lilith herself, she had grown softer, more even-tempered, and, if possible, lovelier than ever. Inexpressibly dear to Marion, she had of late understood something of her little cousin's rare devotion, and had repaid it in her own sweet, lavish fashion.

Marion had never told the true reason of her quarrel with Sydney. Truth to say, the young girl still hoped that her cousin would forget the undesirable though fascinating Elliot, and reward Vincent's long and patient love, and, filled with that hope, she had judged it better to keep silent on the matter of the bracelet, knowing that Lilith, generous to a fault, would at once explain the situation, and in so doing set up a barrier for ever between her and the man whom Marion longed to see her marry.

But gradually even Marion saw that Lilith's heart was irrevocably given to her artist lover, and with a sigh, half of sorrow, half of envy of this wonderful love that had worked such wonders in the wilful Lilith, she gave up planning a brilliant future for her cousin, and resigned herself to seeing her "merely happy."

For herself, happiness seemed to have passed from her life, but in its place had come a quite contentment. She had not seen Sydney since the night he had left her in a passion of grief and humiliation. He could never have really loved her, she thought bitterly, or he would not so soon have got over her loss. He was engaged to a brilliant Society beauty, and was spoken of everywhere as "a rising young diplomatist."

And so the years went on, each one bringing to Lilith a surer promise of a happy future; to Marion a fainter echo of a happy past. Old Drew and his wife had long ago resigned themselves to Lilith's whims, and save for an occasional protest from her mother, generally after a more than usually brilliant offer had been refused, no one interfered with her avowed intention of "remaining single for the present."

"Not so long now, dear!" she whispered to her cousin. "Another six months, and he will be here. Think, Marion, what a lot there'll be to hear, to tell!"

"You have a wonderful amount of faith, Lilith; don't be too sure, dear."

"You forget," replied the girl, "he was to write if he failed, or was ill, or unhappy. Only so long as he was doing well there was to be silence on his part, trust on mine. He has not written, and so I know my faith is not misplaced. I'm sure he will be here."

But as the time went on, bringing ever nearer the hour which was to be the realisation of her fondest dreams, or the crushing of her brightest hopes, Lilith

grew restless; now, utterly despondent; now, supremely confident, she seemed consumed with a fever of uncertainty.

It was with a feeling of relief that she learnt that Vincent had returned to town. Every woman has a kindly feeling for an old lover, but he was the only one for whom she entertained a feeling akin slightly to regret.

Vincent soon fell into his old custom of dropping in to afternoon tea, calling for Lilith for a ride, occasionally accompanying them to the theatre, and the quiet friendliness of his manner, so different from the old passionate adoration, was infinitely comforting. He used to talk of his travels, and generally, in some mysterious fashion the conversation drifted round to Rome.

"I knew a young fellow there," he said, "one of the most marvellous painters I have ever met. He's coming over to London, I believe, this year, and would interest you, I think. Romantic-looking fellow, tall and dark. His name? Oh, rather a peculiar one—Elliot Raeburn."

And then Lilith had smiled in such a radiant fashion that he had started and fell to pondering,

Perhaps it was as a result of his reflections that he devoted himself to Marion for the rest of the evening, and when he left, whispered a request for an interview next day.

"I always believed," he said, "that Sydney Rowth did you a great injustice, and now I am certain. I was pretty intimate with Raeburn in Rome, and was struck by the fact that all his pictures were modelled after your cousin Lilith's face; that, and some other things made me draw my own conclusions. Have I your permission to explain to Rowth?"

"No—never; I would rather die!"

"Don't you care for him still—a little?"

The girl's face flushed. How dare he ask such questions, what right had he?

And he answered, taking her hand in his: "The right of love. I have cared for you ever since that night, my dear, when you fell, pale and helpless as a broken lily, and now I care more than ever. Marion, is there any hope?"

Later Lilith looked in with a strange flush on her face and a new light in her eyes.

"Marion!" she cried, but drew back and closed the door when she saw the picture that confronted her—a picture old as the world but ever new.

A fair young girl, whose quiet loveliness was touched into beauty, leaning against her lover, in whose eyes she read all she wished to know.

Lil turned towards someone in the dusky hall—someone who caught her to him with a sigh.

"I'm but a poor sort of fellow, darling, after all. What am I in comparison with Vincent?"

"The man I love!" she said, and kissed him.

* * * * *

Old Drew and his wife, and the world generally, took very kindly to Raeburn; indeed, it is hard to say whether he or his pictures are the most popular nowadays. Despite success, and all that success brings, however, Raeburn himself is very little changed; careless, light-hearted as ever, perhaps Marion is right, when she declares that, after all, he is still, and always will be, just "a charming scamp."

John K. Prothero.

The Most Severe Winter for Years.

Reports from the Meteorological Office predict that this winter will be the most severe we have had for years. An eminent authority on such matters announces that every four years England is visited with an unusually severe spell of cold weather, and this is the year on which it is due. How to keep warm and avoid colds and chills becomes therefore an important question.

The human body may be said to be heated by a system of "hot pipes." These "pipes" are the arteries and veins through which the hot blood is forced by the heart. When ill-health supervenes the blood becomes poor and thin, and does not carry enough oxygen to thoroughly warm the extremities. Cold hands and feet, a general sensation of chill, and a shrinking from the least draught are symptoms which reveal this condition. On the other hand the heart may be weakened by some ailment, and rendered unable to pump the blood with sufficient force. Palpitation, fluttering sensations at the heart, and fits of faintness are signs of this state.

There is a third common reason for the "warming system" getting out of order. That is the failing appetite. Food is the "fuel" which mends the fire. When the appetite fails the fuel supply is cut off, the heat goes down, colds and chill creep in, and in but too many cases bronchitis, pneumonia, and fatal complications ensue. In Chas. Forde's Bile Beans will be found a strengthening, blood-making, blood-purifying medicine. They strengthen the digestive organs, thus ensuring that all the "fuel" taken in the form of food, is used. They purify the blood, thus preventing it from carrying about waste and detrimental substances. They cure palpitation, fluttering sensations at the heart, and other signs of weakness of this important organ, thus ensuring vigorous heart action and circulation. Indeed, in all departments in which wintry weather tries the system, Bile Beans will be found to give strength. They may be obtained from any chemist for one and three half-pence or two and ninepence, or post free from the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 119 and 120 London Wall, E.C., by sending prices. They should be found in every household during the winter months particularly.

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Short Stories That . . . . . Make You Laugh.

We devote every week space in *Short Stories* to pithy, humorous anecdotes similar to those which appear in these columns. To those readers who submit storyettes which are used, a six shilling novel will be awarded. The anecdotes may be either original or selected; in the latter case, the source MUST be stated. Attempts must reach the Storyette Editor, *Short Stories* Office, Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C., by Monday, February 3rd. Post-cards only, please.

Just the Thing.

MODERN COMPOSER: "I've got a new stage song that's bound to make a hit." Manager: "Any sense in it?" "None at all." "Any fun in it?" "Not a bit." "Any music in it?" "Not a note." "Hooray! It's bound to catch on."

A Saving Revenge.

KNOWIT: "My cook is a treasure." Wantoknow: "You're in better luck than most people, then." Knowit: "I wasn't till lately. You see, she had a row with the grocer, and to revenge herself she is very saving with the groceries. The bill is only half what it used to be."

Rather Mixed.

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND (reading from paper): "Married—Blanche de Smythe to Walter Wellington Jones. What old memories that name awakens!" Mrs. Y. (blushing): "I never imagined you knew of my engagement to Walter." Mr. Y. (chillingly): "I was alluding o Blanche."

A Good Thing, Too.

LITTLE HANS had a picture-book given him on his birthday. Suddenly he came running to his mother, and said: "Mamma, do animals know what they are called?" "No." Hans uttered a sigh of relief, and remarked: "It would have been so unpleasant for the donkey, wouldn't it?"

Cigars as Vegetables.

"I HAVE here," said the father, "a bill of yours, for £47, for cigars. When I agreed to honour all your bills for ordinary necessities——" "They are necessities," came the prompt reply. "Indeed, sir, and how do you make that out?" "Well, my doctor orders me a vegetable diet, and I take it in that form."

Father was Silent.

"GEORGE," said the fond parent, "you took my overcoat instead of your own, and I found the pockets full of cigarettes and matches." "I discovered my mistake, father," replied the son, "directly I got outside, for the pockets of the coat I had on contained chocolate creams and three pairs of ladies' gloves." No more was said!

A Tedious Task.

HE was apprenticed to the grocery trade. One day a customer went in for a bushel of split peas. The master of the shop called the boy and said: "Sydney, just fetch a bushel of split peas from the loft." Sydney was so long gone that his master went to see what he was about. Imagine his surprise when Sydney said, "Please, sir, I shall never be able to split a bushel of them." He had taken a pair of scissors, and was vainly endeavouring to cut some ordinary blue peas in half!

How Nice!

TOMMY: "This is Saturday, and mamma and papa are goin' to the theatre to-night. I'm awfully glad." Mabel: "Why?" "'Cause she can't wash me to-night, an' she'll get up so late to-morrow morning she'll have to let me go dirty, or miss church."

Not Quite Alone.

THERE was a very small audience present, and it was rapidly dwindling away. On the stage the hero and heroine are holding a rendezvous. Hero to Heroine: "Are we alone?" Heroine (thinking of the audience): "Not yet. There are two fellows near the door who look as if they might be able to sit through another act."

Competition a Good Thing.

IN a country town in Ireland a new post-office was in process of erection, when a poor man came into town to post some letters. On learning the nature of the new building, "Faith," said he, "it's glad I am to hear that same, for not a shop of the kind was there in the town but one, and the thunderin' villains used to charge what they liked for them stamps! But now there'll be someone to compate with them."

Sound Advice.

AN amateur painter, who was repairing his house, told a friend that he had been struck by a bright notion. The ceiling of his library was very dirty, so he purposed to whitewash it and then paint upon it a picture representing Apollo and the nine Mus s. The friend, who had his own views as to the proficiency of the amateur, suggested, as an improvement, that the ceiling should be painted first and whitewashed afterwards.

He Wasn't Chained.

A LONDONER who lately crossed over to Cork asked his Jarvey as to the population and municipal government of that town. On being informed that it was an incorporated city, the chief officer of which was a Mayor, he asked: "And does the Mayor wear the insignia of office?" "Insignia, what's that?" asked the astonished Jarvey. "Why, a chain about his neck," explained the cockney. "Oh, bless you, no," responded the other, "he is perfectly harmless. They let him go about loose."

A Smart Reply.

LAST Christmas Day at a dinner party, an officer of the Dragoon Guards had been placed with his back to the fire. Having stood the heat for some time the officer was obliged to ask for a fire-screen. His host, a pompous old squire, who thought everything belonging to him was perfection, got exceedingly wroth at the fire being complained of, and irefully said: "A British soldier should always be able to stand fire." "Not at his back, sir," was the witty response.

An Act in Two Scenes.

"I HAVE a little surprise for you, Amy," said the enraptured young man half-an-hour after the wedding, in some embarrassment. "Excuse me for a moment." He went out of the room and returned with a stout old lady with a determined expression of countenance. "My dear," he said, "this is my mother. She—er—will live with us, you know." "So glad. And I have a little surprise for you, too, Harry." She left the room, and returned in a moment with five fair-haired little girls, apparently ranging in age from three to thirteen. "These are my little darlings, Harry," she whispered. "Lydia, Minerva, Penelope, Rachel and Mehitabel, kiss the gentleman. He is to be your new papa."

Design No. 600, **12/6** Carriage, 6d. extra. Skirt alone, **6/6** Carriage 6d. extra.

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BUY DIRECT BY PARCEL POST FROM THE LEADING FIRM OF LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

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The Fashionable Three-quarter Jacket 30in. long, Made in good 'Alfoseo' Beaver cloth. Colours: Fawn, Black, or Blue. This Jacket has a very stylish collar and large lapels, which are trimmed with rows of tailor stitching. Pearl buttons Double Breasted. Price only **10/6**; car. paid, 6d. ex. This Jacket 33in. **11/6**; 36in., **12/6**; and 40in., **13/6**.

Write for **New Illustrated Sketch Book and Catalogue of Bargains,** Patterns and Order Forms Post Free

FUR NECKLETTES.

No. 3060. Fur Necklette in Black or Sable, **1/6½ & 2/11**
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DESIGN No. 600. 12/6.—The New Chesterfield Coat and Skirt Costume. The Coat has the fashionable "Alfoseo" Collar, trimmed tailor stitching, gauntlet cuffs, single-breasted The Skirt is well and carefully made, and has the latest style flounce, which is lined linenette. Made in all the beautiful shades of ALLEN FOSTER & CO.'S **Specialite Serge** or **Venetian Cloth.** Costume complete, **12/6**; car. 6d. ex. Skirt alone, **6/6**; car. 5d. **Satisfaction Guaranteed.**

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Mr. Geo. R. Sims'

"TATCHO"

THE GREAT HAIR RENEWER.

WHAT PEOPLE THEMSELVES ARE SAYING:

"A PEARL BEYOND PRICE."—35 Aberdeen Road, Cotham, Bristol, December 23rd, 1901. Mrs. E. C. Parsons regards "Tatcho" as a pearl beyond price. In her opinion everybody desiring to cultivate, improve, or retain a good head of hair should try it.

"3 SEPARATE HAIRDRESSERS."—Rostherne, St. Stephen's Road, Bournemouth, November 30th, 1901. Mrs. Lloyd wants to give three bottles of "Tatcho" to some friends here, as a lady in the house is strongly recommending it, and says that three separate hairdressers tell her what a wonderful growth of new hair she has.

"A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY."—Lyss Place, Liss, Hants, November 30th, 1901. I find "Tatcho" a most excellent and pleasing application for the hair; in fact, a wonderful discovery which ought to be very widely known.—H. PELHAM PAPILLON.

CUT THIS OUT AND **POST TO-DAY.** (If your Local Chemist or Store is unable to supply the large Trial Bottle.) THIS **COUPON** ENTITLES THE SENDER TO A LARGE TRIAL BOTTLE SIZE FOR **4/6** **1/10** Direct from the 'Tatcho' Depot, Carr. Paid.

S.S. ..... 1902.

In making this unique offer the Company is acting with the knowledge that such distribution of large Trial Bottles is making the preparation even more widely known, and is introducing it to every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected by any other system of advertising.

"TATCHO" is a brilliant, spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease.
"TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.
"TATCHO" is sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world in bottles at 1s., 2s. 9d., and 5s.

"TATCHO" OFFICES, 81 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

Cures Goitre.

Remarkable Discovery That Cures This Dangerous and Disfiguring Disease Without Pain, Operation or Inconvenience.

TRIAL PACKAGE SENT FREE.

Dr. John P. Haig, a well-known Cincinnati physician has had marvellous success with a remedy that cures Goitre or Thick Neck. And owing to the fact that most sufferers believe

Mrs. Ellen A. Glaynor, Covington, Ky., U.S.A. was cured after suffering for 12 years; f you wish you are at liberty to write her.

Goitre is incurable Dr. Haig sends a free trial package of his discovery so that patients may try and know positively that Goitre can be cured at home without pain, danger, operation or any inconvenience.

Send your name and address to Dr. John P. Haig, 2829 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., and he will forward the trial package post-paid. Do not fail to get this wonderful remedy.

In Rio Janiero, Brazil, S. A., 60,000 patients in that infected district were cured with this same remedy, and wherever used its success has been marvellous.

Remember a letter to America requires 2½d postage. Write your name very plain and be sure to give your full address so there can be no mistake in delivery.

DRUNKENNESS

CURED. This can be done with or without patient's knowledge. Send me a stamp and I will tell you how. (Send no money.) Address, in confidence, Mrs. C. H. (Room 8), 195 Oxford Street, London, W.

SULPHOLINE LOTION,

For clearing the skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

SHILLING BOTTLES.

SAFE. SOUND CYCLES.

ONE SHILLING.

You can obtain a Symonds' Cycle by paying only 1 shilling weekly; no guarantor required. Easiest of easy payments and marvellously low prices. Buy now and take advantage of exceptional opportunity. Illustrated Catalogue, with specifications and terms, sent gratis and post free. Address.—

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Every Man suffering from Varicocele and its consequent nervous exhaustion speedily relieved and cured by the most advanced and rational method of treatment yet introduced. An Illustrated Circular giving full particulars and testimonials showing successful cures, sent free in a sealed envelope.—S. S. NORTON, 59 and 60 Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Established over 30 years. Consultation Free.

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Ray's Nose Machines reform Pug, Snub, Broad, Bottled, Crooked, or Prominent Noses. By H.M. Royal Letters Patent. Thousands improved. Particulars for stamp. Red Nose Cure, medically approved, 3/9. Book "Cause and Cure," 1/-. Ear machines, etc. Lees Ray (A 1), Specialist, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

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For ECZEMA AND ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS.

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BUNTER'S NERVINE

Prevents decay. Saves extraction.
Sleepless nights prevented.
It removes Neuralgic Headache and all Nerve Pains.
Of all Chemists 1/1½.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS

100 years worldwide use proves them the BEST FAMILY MEDICINE
Of all Chemists 1/1½, 2/9 & 4/6 per box.

DON'T COUGH USE KEATING'S LOZENGES FOR YOUR COUGH.

Any Doctor will tell you, "there is no better Cough Medicine." —One gives relief: If you suffer from cough try them but once; they *will* cure, and they *will not* injure your health; an increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 1¾d. tins.

LOOK IN THE MIRROR!

ARE YOU ASHAMED OF YOUR FACE?

EVERYBODY admires women and girls with clear, healthy, spotless complexions. They are attracted by pink cheeks and soft, velvety, delicate skin. Nothing destroys happiness and beauty like FRECKLES, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, YELLOW or MUDDY SKIN, MOTH, WRINKLES, RED NOSE or FACE, TAN, ERUPTIONS, DISCOLOURATIONS or BLEMISHES of any nature. They make both men and women unsightly, and make them look old. All these afflictions are quickly and easily cured by the famous DR. ROSE'S FACE PERLES. This is the most wonderful beautifier that was ever made. It is positively harmless to all, and contains not a single atom of LEAD, BISMUTH, or ARSENIC, or any poisonous ingredients whatever. These famous Perles completely and permanently remove every eruption, blotch, discolouration, and blemish on BOTH LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. They make the old look young. They beautify FACE, NECK, SHOULDERS AND ARMS. They impart the delicate tints of girlhood and youth to the complexion.

A woman cannot possibly look plain or unattractive if she uses the famous DR. ROSE'S FACE PERLES. She will be as fair as a lily, and wrinkles will not appear until she is far advanced in life. This may seem impossible to you, but it is the plain truth. The Perles are not a cosmetic, remember, but a food for the skin. They make ladies of 40 look to be less than 30. If from any cause you have reason to be ashamed of your face, you should commence taking these famous Perles without delay. They are bound to effect an improvement in your appearance. Thousands of men and women, with unhealthy, blotchy or muddy skins, are grateful for having taken DR. ROSE'S FACE PERLES

WHY NOT TRY THEM? —If you would like to test DR. ROSE'S FACE PERLES send three stamps for dainty booklet, "Beauty is Power," and FREE TRIAL BOX, or 2/6 postal order for a large-size box. All boxes sent in plain packages, post free. Address: The Rose Remedy Co. Dept K, St Albans, England.

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IN CONFIDENCE.

Conducted by MADGE MORRIS.

[*I shall be glad to answer, to the best of my ability, any letters from readers dealing with affairs of the heart, tangles in domestic life, or points of etiquette. All communications must be addressed to me personally, c/o the Editor of* SHORT STORIES.—MADGE MORRIS.]

"**Sunflower.**"—Your young lady means nothing in wearing a ring on the second finger of her left hand. It is a mere ornament, and not intended as a hint to you to place one on the third. I cannot advise you on the second question, which must depend on circumstances. However, if the matter is as you say, your fears are justified, and your action must depend on the extent to which you are fond of her.

You ask me, "Peggy Patti," if I advise you to go on the stage. You say you have a good home and a good situation, and yet are not content. Now I know nothing about you, whether you have a talent for acting or no; but of this I am sure, unless you have some influential friend in the theatrical world, who would give you work, and help you along, it would be more than foolish to give up your comfortable home for a mere speculation which would, in all probability, end in smoke.

"**Flora**" is receiving attentions from a young man in a boarding-house. He is something in the City, and has travelled a great deal. Should she encourage him?———You ask my advice in strict confidence about the young man. Don't think me unkind if I am quite candid about him, but I don't quite like your description. I may be wrong, but I seem to know that young man. He is a very regular frequenter of the boarding-house of the kind at which you are staying. He has generally travelled a lot, talks delightfully, knows how to pay a compliment, is free with his money when out with you, and is—something in the City. He may be thoroughly genuine, but I think the majority of young men of the cosmopolitan order are seldom matrimonially inclined, and carry on such flirtations with every pretty girl they meet. Further, just get your brother or somebody you know to make a few inquiries about his position in the City before you let him squeeze your little hand again, and get to know something about his family antecedents before you next turn those pleading grey eyes upwards to his in a glance of half affection, half doubt. I am sure you have pleading grey eyes. Cosmopolitan young men like them, and girls with them very often return the sentiment, often to their own danger.

"**Tom**" is engaged to the best girl in the world, and wants to know what he can give her for a small present; he has only been engaged three weeks, and is too bashful to ask her.———Why not give her a bottle of scent, or a fan, or a pair of nice gloves? It is difficult to advise you, really, there are such a host of things suitable. Try and find out what her tastes are, and you will soon know what to give her.

"**Dolly**" wants to know whether I consider tight-lacing injurious to the health and complexion.———Most certainly I do, "Dollie," and not to the health and complexion only, for girls who lace tightly are too often bad-tempered in consequence. Surely there is no sight in the world more ugly than a stout woman with a wasp-like waist. I certainly do not recommend you to drink eau de Cologne in order to brighten your eyes at night. It only leads on to the habit of drinking, and that is an evil which every nice-minded girl would shun.

"**Gerty**" has been saying unpleasant things to the neighbours about Rose. The latter wants to know whether she should cut the former, or how she should act.———I should not cut her. Why not ask her to tea one day, and when you are together, hint that you hear somebody has been maligning you. Point out how utterly wrong the suggestion has been, and say you wonder how anyone can have been unkind enough to make such false statements. You in this way convey to your supposed traducer the fact that she has been wrong and unkind, without mentioning any names. The next time you meet, you can bow slightly, and suit your actions entirely according to the behaviour of the other.

"**Lovesick Jack**" says that a young lady calls at his office on business every morning, and that he has fallen madly in love with her; but she does not appear to notice him, though he has an idea she likes him. He wants to know how he can impress her?———What business does she come on? Is it anything that is in your province? If so, you can, perhaps, win her favour by doing her all sorts of little services. Try and manage to always be in attendance on her yourself, and, unless she resents your advances, she will not mind a young man being nice to her. This largely constitutes an acquaintance, and you are entitled to bow to her if you should meet. For the rest, you must, supposing her to be a young lady living with her people, try and get to know her socially. I have often suggested to correspondents how that is to be done. You must find out where she lives, whom she visits, how she spends her time, and manage to meet her somehow or another outside of business. If she really likes you, she will, perhaps, be a party to it.

The Brain Gymnasium.

In these competitions a prize of £1 1s. will be awarded each week to the competitor whose attempt we receive giving the correct solution of all the puzzles. If more than one is absolutely correct the prize of £1 1s. will be given to the first correct attempt dealt with.

If no lists of absolutely correct solutions are sent in, the first prize will be awarded to the competitor whose attempt is first dealt with showing the fewest mistakes.

Each week we shall award, in addition to the above, either ten of our gold-plated pencil-cases or ten popular novels, to be distributed amongst the competitors whose attempts are absolutely correct and have failed to win the first prize, or, if no complete lists of correct solutions are received, to those whose attempts show the fewest mistakes.

Write all your solutions on one side only of the paper, putting the number against each. Post the batch in an envelope marked "Brain Gymnasium, Nos. 31—36," to reach the Editor, *Short Stories*, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., by first post on Monday, February 10th, 1902.

The Editor's decision is final, and competitors must only enter on that understanding.

Readers are invited to submit puzzles, acrostics, conundrums, word-squares, etc., for publication on this page. A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to each reader whose attempts are used. All attempts must be vouched for as original, and, of course, it is distinctly understood that the sender of a puzzle must neither compete in the competition nor divulge to anyone the solution. Any reader found infringing this rule will be severely dealt with.

No. 31. NUMBER PUZZLE.

What is the number which is made up of one-half, one-quarter, and one-seventh of itself, plus three?

No. 32. ACROSTIC.

The initials of equivalents of the following give the surname of a prominent politician:

A well-known town in France.
The capital town of an English county.
A Chinese town.
The capital town of a Scotch county.
A seaport of England.
One of the English counties.
An English river famous for its salmon.
An English town famous for another kind of fish.

No. 33. WORD DIAMOND.

A consonant, part of a very important verb, something necessary to sustain life, a personal pronoun, a consonant.

No. 34. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

A man went into a shop and said to the owner, "If you will give me as much as I have in my pocket I will spend sixpence with you." The shopkeeper agreed to do this. The man then went into a second shop and said the same words with a similar result. He then entered a third shop and repeated the transaction, but after leaving this shop he had nothing left. How much had he to start with?

No. 35. BEHEADED WORDS.

1. Behead a part of the body and leave a number.
2. Behead the name of a college and leave a drink.
3. Behead to banter and leave a confederate.
4. Behead ajar and leave a writing instrument.
5. Behead in no degree and leave at any time.

The beheaded letters form the name of a famous poet.

No. 36. CHARADE.

I accompany the diver in treacherous depths,
I protect him from the fishes,
I am with the scorcher as he flies along
And bounds o'er hedges and ditches.
I am used in a thousand different ways,
But stay—I'm beginning to brag.
Still you'll find me in all sorts of places,
And in every schoolboy's bag.

Result of "Brain Gymnasium," Nos. 13 to 18.

The most correct list received was that of Mr. C. G. Martin, of 2A Edgington Road, Streatham, S.W. The prize of £1 1s. has therefore been dispatched to him.

Pencil-cases have been sent to the following:

A. Wragg, Edensor, Bakewell, Derbyshire.
Miss M. Dingle, 2 Grosvenor Villas, Bath.
F. G. Horner, Richmond Villa, Anderton Park Road, Moseley, near Birmingham.
Mrs. E. Tracy, 18 Albert Road, Ilford.
A. H. Scales, 51 Hormead Road, Paddington.
Charles Annear, 50 Carroun Road, South Lambeth.
A. F. Cox, 60 Grantham Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.
Mrs. E. Ryan, 21 Abbotts Road, East Ham, E.
Miss V. Robinson, 60 Sherrard Road, Forest Gate, E.
H. Robinson, 60 Sherrard Road, Forest Gate, E.
J. J. Robinson, 60 Sherrard Road, Forest Gate, E.

SOLUTIONS.

13. M ore.
O unce.
R ich.
S poil.
E ating.

14. P late.
S hark.
P ink.
S ample.
F lower.
S hoe.
C lock.
H aunt.

15. Sandwich. Cork. Dublin. Turkey. Greenland. Greece.

16. Madam.

17. "Without a sign, his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause."
Greek. Roman. Scandinavian. Britons. Auguries. Birds. Swan. Raven. Hoot. Dreams. Success. Window. Right-hand. Shoes.

18. Victoria. Augusta. Christmas. Victoria. Eye. Augusta. Red. Biarritz. Christmas. Augusta. Gold. Paul. Coral. Horn. Victoria. Rosetta. Orange. Peel. China. Astrakhan. Cashmere.

A Splendid new Serial will be starting next month. Look out for further particulars later.

Printed by Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C., and published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

RHEUMATISM CURED

BY A REMEDY THAT HAS ENABLED MANY TO ABANDON CRUTCH AND CANE.

Trial Package FREE,

On the theory that "seeing is believing," John A. Smith wants everyone to try his remedy for the **cure of rheumatism** at his expense. For that reason he proposes to distribute **50,000 free sample packages** among all persons sending him their address. Mr. Smith has suffered all the agony and torture from **Rheumatism**, tried all the remedies known, and yet utterly failed to find relief.

At times he was so helpless that he had to take to morphine, and after considerable doctoring he gave up in despair. He began studying into the causes of **rheumatism**; after much experimenting he finally hit upon a combination of drugs which completely cured him. The result was so beneficial to his entire system that he called his new-found remedy "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends and relatives and neighbours suffering from rheumatism were next cured, and Mr. Smith concluded to offer his remedy to the world. But he found the task a difficult one, as nearly everybody had tried a hundred or more remedies, and they couldn't be made to believe that there was such a thing as a cure for rheumatism. But an old gentleman from Seguin wrote him saying if Mr. Smith would send him a sample he would try it, but as he had suffered forty-one years and wasted a fortune with doctors and advertised remedies, he wouldn't buy anything more until he knew it was worth something. The sample was sent; he purchased more, and the result was astonishing. He was completely cured. This gave Mr. Smith a new idea, and ever since that time he has been sending out free sample packages to all who apply. The result is that he is now the happy possessor of **thousands of testimonials** from people throughout the world who have been both greatly benefited and **entirely cured** by "Gloria Tonic." Prominent physicians had to admit that "**Gloria Tonic**" is a positive success, among them Dr. Quintero, of the University of Venezuela, to whom it was recommended by the United States Consul. In thousands of other instances the result has been the same. It cured many cases which defied Hospitals, Drugs, Electricity, and Medical Skill.

JOHN A. SMITH.

"Gloria Tonic" **cured** Mrs. H. Bester, of Welton, near Daventry, who has suffered for years. Mr. L. Pinkey, 3 Well Lane, Bridlington, a martyr to Rheumatism for 27 years, has been entirely cured through its use. Mr. J. Holden, of 28 Angles Road, Streatham, S.W., is an enthusiast over "Gloria Tonic." A neighbour of Mr. Holden, Mr. J. Crampton, 24 Angles Road, Streatham, S.W., says: "I can recommend 'Gloria Tonic' to all who suffer with Rheumatism, as I am thankful to say that your remedy has **cured me entirely.**"

The following people have also been entirely **cured** through the use of "Gloria Tonic" attested to by testimonials which they have sent me: Mrs. J. Brewer, 59 St. Ann's Rd., Barking, E.; Mr. T. Marsh, 190 Bury New Rd., Whitefield, Lancs.; Mr. J. Metcalf, Hill Gill Farm, Mallerstang, Kirkby Stephen; Mrs. West, The Club, Surbiton; Mr. G. Chennells, 11 Waterend, near Hemel Hempstead; Mrs. G. Hiron, 39 Stanley St., Queen's Rd., S.W.; Mr. E. Guest, Bissell St., Quinton, near Birmingham; Mrs. Sanderson, 22 West Park Rd., Newport, Mon.; Mr. L. Leyshon, 2 Gwindy Terrace, Pentrechwyth; Mrs. W. Smith, Appiehouse, Tronston, Sandwick, Stromness; Mr. J. Helmsley, Hadlow Down, near Uckfield; Mr. P. Haslem, 32 Tanners Terrace, Ramsbottom; Mr. G. Mackay, Embo Dornoch, Sutherlandshire; Mr. J. Little, South Marston, Stretton St. Margaret's, Swindon.

Can I offer you better proofs of the merits of my remedy? These are only a few of **hundreds of testimonials** of recent date which I now hold.

On receipt of a postal card or a letter from you, mentioning this paper, you will receive by return of post, FREE, a trial package of "Gloria Tonic" a booklet on Rheumatism, and other literature of great interest to sufferers. Address—

JOHN A. SMITH, 1007 Montague House, Stonecutter St., London, E.C.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

2½% DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS 2½%

repayable on demand.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

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